

Bertrand Russell, in conversation with the great philosopher, said: "You don't like me, do you, Moore?" and after a pause of several minutes Moore replied "No." The other ideal was to destroy the artificial conventions of life which had been fostered by Victorianism and religion and which, like the wares of the parable, choked the natural growth of friendship. Such beliefs, tenaciously held and bravely proclaimed, help to explain Strachey's authority with his own generation. The fascination of Strachey for posterity, and indeed the fascination of Mr. Holroyd's book, lies in attempting to answer this difficult question. How was it that one so acutely obsessed by his lack of physical charms and without intellectual successes yet dominated a remarkable cluster of friends who themselves attached importance to appearance and to the recognized yardsticks of intelligence?

Certainly Strachey's failures in examinations (though partly explained by illness) are surprising. Rejected by Christ Church, scorned by Balliol, who advised his parents that he should take refuge in the obscurity of Lincoln College, he was rescued by his mother—in some ways the most endearing member of her difficult family. She firmly rejected the advice from Balliol and sent him to Cambridge, to Trinity "for the larger, fuller life we look for in sending him to college". But having got there he disappointed his family and admirers by achieving only a double second—an emphatic verdict which left little room for the pre-eminence for which he strove—except that of being top of the second-rate men. Here the serious thing was that the examination results darkened his prospects for a fellowship at his college. For this he submitted a dissertation on Warren Hastings, and it is not clear whether he and Mr. Holroyd or the latter alone regarded it as "awful" news that his paper had been referred to "Parson Bill". The fellow of Trinity so described was Cunningham, "a rather indifferent but not unkind" according to Mr. Hol-

royd but an archdeacon and the undoubted pioneer of economic historical studies. (Strachey's scorn for the clergy and even their sons was unworthy of him; both he and Mr. Holroyd here and there remind one of the stately self-consciousness of Lord Chiltern, who said of church on Christmas morning, "it is the kind of thing I never do.") Moreover there was an endearing side to this archdeacon. Did he not explode with laughter (when his mouth was full of claret) while listening to an authority on classical archaeology at the Chit Chat Society who, as he imitated the statue of Discobolus, remarked "you should see me naked"? In fact Cunningham's comments to Strachey seem to have been kind and not unfair. He told him that he thought that the dissertation failed to bring out the qualities to be looked for in a fellowship candidate. In the following year a much younger man, R. Vere Lawrence, reached the same conclusion. "Wicked as usual" is Strachey's comment on this examiner, and later Mr. Holroyd calls him his enemy from Trinity. But, as Mr. Holroyd explains, the double second, coupled with some very strong competition from scientists, is sufficient reason for what happened. It hardly seems necessary to supplement these reasons—and it is not perfectly clear from the text whether Strachey did so—by the suggestion that the rejection was on personal grounds. Possibly the author has interpreted rather too literally a playful allusion of Strachey's in a letter to a friend: "the wicked dons of Trinity have refused to make me a fellow". But the blow cut deep and, writing to the same friend (Mr. Duncan Grant), he says "you don't know what it is to be twenty-five, dejected, uncouth, unsuccessful—you don't know how humble and wretched and lonely I sometimes feel... Oh! God these are wretched things to be writing."

We cannot therefore explain Strachey's hold over his contemporaries by intellectual prowess in the way that we might explain the hold of Russell or of Maynard Keynes over the same group. It rested on that most difficult and almost

irrecoverable quality—a piercing and mordant wit. To an extent this was supplemented by a knack of inspiring fear. Mr. Leonard Woolf—most acceptable and delightful recorder of those times—when an undergraduate, thought of slipping a notice on the arm of Strachey's chair—"Be careful—this animal bites". But Strachey was one of the truest and most faithful of friends, with an unexpected, almost spaniel-like attachment to those he loved. If, as Mr. Holroyd tells us, Sydney Turner was "a colossal bore", it is surely credible and unexpected that the flame of Strachey's affection for him never flickered. Was it chance that in analysing Horace Walpole's character, to which his own had some resemblance, he emphasized the fact that his nature was "in reality peculiarly affectionate"? In reviewing *Eminent Victorians*, this journal criticized the book in only one particular: "it was too funny". The writer thought that although we laugh at the Victorians we should love them too. Possibly Strachey did; so far as his friends went (and it is hardly necessary to say that these words are used with no sexual undertone) he may have laughed at them but he certainly loved them.

Mr. Holroyd's task was not easy. When he began the book a few of the immediate family and a number of Strachey's intimates survived. He very properly refused to be daunted and he has told his story without fear or favour and has given us a picture of Strachey and his world which is not only alive but is assured of a long life. What he has achieved is the exact opposite of a particular Victorian biography which was described by Mr. Gladstone as "a relic in three volumes". Throughout Mr. Holroyd stimulates the enjoyment of his readers. Perhaps the part of his book which might provoke most critical comment is his treatment of the man rather than his treatment of the setting. Constantly Mr. Holroyd reminds us that truth and candour were the stars which Strachey and his friends followed, but were they at times shadowed by a strange (though highly divert-

ing) love of exaggeration? For example, writing to Mr. Duncan Grant, he says "I feel as if I were a pocket handkerchief that somebody had dropped on the top of Mont Blanc". For the biographer it is a particular difficulty to know when truth is being trimmed to wit. There is this further point, and it is also true of Horace Walpole. Both Walpole and Strachey were nervous of exposing their inner feelings and when they had to express what they really felt they were prone to exaggerate—perhaps in the hope of disguising their feelings in laughter. Strachey was by all accounts miserable in his parents' London home in Lancaster Gate, and certainly nothing could be more entertaining but at the same time more exaggerated than his account of life with his family here. Although the house was not greatly different from any other London house, with everything sacrificed to the possibility of "company", to Strachey the drawing room was rather like a Miltonic conception of hell with the fires well stoked up—the vast chamber, its foggy distances ill-lit by gas jets as one struggled to traverse its dreadful length. Delightful—but true?

And the same question arises in more serious matters. Does he not appear to sacrifice truth to wit and is not this part of the explanation why, in the eyes of American historians, Strachey is for the dark? His nimble fancy—to use a phrase of the reviewer in this journal when noticing *Eminent Victorians*—was wholly delightful in private but dangerous when playing to a larger audience. Mr. Holroyd gives us an example of this. On abandoning Cambridge, Strachey did some reviewing for the *Independent Review* (later the *Albany*) for the *Spectator*. Here is an extract from his review of a life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu by George Paston which was the pseudonym for Miss E. M. Symonds: "the book with its slipshod writing, its unstructured outlook, its utter lack of taste and purpose, is a fair specimen of the kind of biographical work which seems to give so much satisfaction to large numbers of our reading public. Decidedly 'they order the matter better in France' where such a production could never have appeared."

Against this we should set the opinion of the outstanding modern authority on Lady Mary—Mr. Robert Halsband—and he tells us that till now George Paston's book was "the only thorough biography". Certainly she was the first writer, by drawing on family papers, to reveal the inner story of her subject. But did Lady Mary's inner life conflict with Strachey's imagined picture of her? In a letter to Mr. Duncan

Grant, when he was working on the review, he said: "I am going to write an article on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (Have you heard of her?) She was sublime... She had only two tastes—intellect and lust. Great Lady Mary." Delightful and witty, but true? In an important notice of Mr. Halsband's book which was published in this journal a decade ago the writer quoted a lament by the author that his subject had so often been interpreted as insufficient, biased or superficial grounds. Could not Strachey be described as one of these interpreters? And if that was so, poor Mr. Symonds was the victim of his interpretation.

And here a still larger question arises. The world understood and Mr. Holroyd tells us so repeatedly, that Strachey was a revolt against the standards of biography prevailing in his day. Familiar indeed are his words in the preface to *Eminent Victorians* about the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing being relegated to "the journeyman of letters". But was this true? The five years following Strachey's departure from Cambridge saw these biographies in the hands of the public—and they are taken more or less at random—Robert Trevelyan's *Garibaldi*, Colonel Young's *The Medici*, J. B. A. Stirling's *Coke of Norfolk*, Cecil's *Lord Randolph Churchill*, Trevelyan's *Charles Darwin*, W. H. Wilson's *Mrs. Fitcher and George IV*, the Montagu volume of *Diana's* life and a fascinating picture of Lord Russell's family by Desmond McCarthy, which—all in search of a should certainly read side by side with Lord Russell's autobiography.

The picture which Mr. Holroyd designs for us is of Strachey as sort of Sir Galahad questing, not to the Grail but for Truth. A later digression illustrates the point. Strachey and his circle loathed Oxford—"those cursed idiotic Oxford brutes", wrote one, and Strachey wrote to Keynes, "it's all or nothing with us, Oxford's the glorification of the half and half". Mr. Holroyd tells us, and he is surely correct, that Strachey and his circle disliked Oxford because they believed that it fostered a love of success and hence which contaminated truth. But was Strachey always as scrupulous in his quest for truth in history and biography as he undoubtedly was in private? And that question leads us on to Mr. Holroyd's second volume.

JACKPOT HUNTERS

ALCO WAUGH: *My Brother Evelyn and Other Profiles*. 340pp. Cassell 30s.

It is just half a century since the publication of Mr. Alce Waugh's *The Loom of Youth*, and in all the years that have intervened his pen has not slept in his hand. He has, indeed, wielded it in that highly specialized manner which involves (to use a favourite phrase of his) "bitting the jackpot"—a feat he accomplished in 1956 when his novel, *Island in the Sun*, "went over with an all-garage" and brought in "nearly a quarter of a million dollars", thus leaving him "protected behind a bastion of blue chips".

During this long pilgrimage he has made the acquaintance of many of his fellow-writers, and in this engaging if somewhat repetitive collection of literary gossip he furnishes us with profiles or pen-portraits of a number of them. One of the most interesting was Michael Arlen, who on one occasion inscribed a copy of his *The London Venture* with the words, *pro arida ad astrakhan*, an aspiration which he amply achieved, as Mr. Waugh's lively account of his later years of delightful retirement in New York makes evident.

Not all his subjects were as happy or as philosophic as Arlen. Hugh Walpole, Maugham, even his brother Evelyn (of whom he does not tell us anything very new), though genuine all-garage specialists in their varying degrees, never seemed completely to enjoy their high estate. Indeed, the most curious thing about this book is that, on the whole, the most lively (as well as the best described) of the assorted sitters are those who failed to achieve the all-garage world.

It is something of a relief to turn from Mr. Waugh's spirited recollections of his own concerns (a curious kick out of the saddle, a sarong in the dusk of the night, when along the embankment dutiful citizens were hurrying to catch a last train home to "Surlinton") which, usually in bed by ten, with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, to a consideration of these robust and far from idle ghosts. Why, he asks, for instance, did Kingsmill, for example, never hit the jackpot? He is not entirely satisfactory, however, there, let it be said.

Mr. Waugh's spirited recollections of his own concerns (a curious kick out of the saddle, a sarong in the dusk of the night, when along the embankment dutiful citizens were hurrying to catch a last train home to "Surlinton") which, usually in bed by ten, with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, to a consideration of these robust and far from idle ghosts. Why, he asks, for instance, did Kingsmill, for example, never hit the jackpot? He is not entirely satisfactory, however, there, let it be said.

Mr. Waugh's spirited recollections of his own concerns (a curious kick out of the saddle, a sarong in the dusk of the night, when along the embankment dutiful citizens were hurrying to catch a last train home to "Surlinton") which, usually in bed by ten, with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, to a consideration of these robust and far from idle ghosts. Why, he asks, for instance, did Kingsmill, for example, never hit the jackpot? He is not entirely satisfactory, however, there, let it be said.

OVER THE WALL

HENRY McALEAVY: *The Modern History of China*. 392pp. 39 plates. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. £2 5s.

What does anybody here know of China? Even those Europeans who have been in that empire are almost as ignorant of it as the rest of us. Every glimpse of it is a well, through which a glimpse of what is within may occasionally be caught, a glimpse just sufficient to set the imagination at work more likely to mislead than to inform.

Mr. McAleavy takes obvious pleasure in quoting this passage from an elementary debate on China on the one page of his new history. The same sort of thing is being said by M.P.s and other public figures today, and only the style betrays the difference. Thomas Babington Macaulay, speaking as Secretary for War in the House of Commons debate on the First Opium War in April, 1840, said:

by personal experience and anecdote. We are shown the Chinese point of view, but without sympathy. Much of the material is from original Chinese sources.

It is a colourful tale, filled with memorable characters: the Dowager Empress Yehonala, Gordon of Khartum, the Taiping and the Boxer Rebels, the astonishing Soong sisters, Borodin, M. N. Roy and the heroes of the Long March, not to mention the political giants—Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung.

Mr. McAleavy is especially good in doing justice to the Chinese experience of European imperialism, which caused China to be degraded to a subordinate place among the nations and her ancient status and privileges so dimly remembered that when in our own time she is trying to reassert them the attempt can without manifest absurdity be represented as a threat to the peace of the world.

He is forthright in discussing the "nakedly aggressive" actions of Britain and other foreign powers in the nineteenth century.

The same plain speaking and good judgment characterize his treatment of the Kuomintang, the "Four Families" and the corruption and nepotism surrounding Chiang Kai-shek.

World Affairs

IT IS A MORAL ISSUE

DOUGLAS DUNCAN: *The New Legions*. 274pp. Gollancz. 35s.
MAY MCCARTHY: *Vietnam*. 106pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

Of the many American protests against the war in Vietnam which have appeared, *The New Legions* and *Vietnam* are perhaps the most forthright and compelling. The authors could hardly be more different. Mr. Duncan is an ex-soldier of the United States Special Forces, not a pacifist, and he has thought long and hard about the subject. Mr. McCarthy is a novelist and a journalist, and he has thought long and hard about the subject.

Mr. Duncan joined the United States Army as a recruit under selective service at the end of 1954. In the middle of 1965, a Master Sergeant in the Special Forces, experienced, well-decorated, with something of a military reputation and just having completed an arduous tour in Vietnam, he took his discharge. It is said by competent authority that he had tried and failed to obtain a commission, but his book does not mention this. Such a fact would throw light on the author's bitterness which is otherwise not easy to explain. It would also cast doubt on the reasons he gives for his change of heart, for he does not naturally seek added responsibility in an organization whose aim one rejects. It would not, however, in itself invalidate his protest.

"To fight," said Woodrow Wilson, "you must be brutal and ruthless and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fibre of our national life, influencing Congress, the country, the policeman on the beat, the man in the street..." It is Sergeant Duncan's case that the Second World War and twenty years of the draft in America are beginning to bring about the result that President Wilson feared. The United States possesses overwhelming military power; that power is escaping the civilian control which is one of the basic concepts of American democracy, because the military establishment is able, through the draft, to condition public opinion so that it

accepts military ways of thought and no longer questions military judgments. This dominant position in the state has given to the military vested interests which are independent of and often contrary to the national interest; these it defends with propaganda organs of its own and by systematic misrepresentation of fact. Hence the unthinking involvement in Vietnam—"the only war we've got".

To the military, our involvement is perfectly rational; and if the danger as defined by the military is accepted as accurate the whole thing does make sense. A nation conditioned to think in military terms, we have accepted the definition: therefore a majority feel our position is just.

The process of transformation undergone by the individual in becoming a soldier is described by the author from his own experience. One resents the draft, the loss of personal liberty, the depersonalization on which the system depends. The extremes of fatigue, contempt, loss of identity prove, however, intolerable in the end. Insensibly one becomes part of the system, even if the thought is to bend it to one's own desires. Then come rewards, perquisites, a share in petty domineering over others, promotion, adventure, leading in Mr. Duncan's case to the pride of the Special Forces, parachutist, instructor, propagandist recruiter and to a frightening, exciting year as an American cadre with the South Vietnamese. People conditioned in this way, he says, will always have difficulty in exercising independent judgment where the military are concerned; nor, in an increasingly military society, will it be in their interests to do so. So long as the draft remains, therefore, the military will have an undue influence in national affairs.

prevent, and the instruction of American trainees at home in the handling of enemy irregulars captured by isolated patrols deep in enemy territory. Here his anger gets the better of his judgment, a tendency which is also recognizable in the disorganization and incoherence of his later chapters. This is perhaps the book's principal defect: the parts are a good deal better than the whole.

Miss McCarthy, whose substantial pamphlet brings together the articles she wrote for *The New York Review of Books* (reprinted in *The Observer* earlier this year) and a section entitled "Solutions", admits that she went to Vietnam to look for material damaging to the American interest. As we know, she found it; not, as she says, because of great effort on her part but because the muck was so ready to the rake. The whole of South Vietnam, particularly the crying scandal of Saigon, is an American-created mess. The alleged aims of policy are not being achieved and the cost of blundering failure, in terms of human life and human degradation, is totally unacceptable. Part of this has been dimly perceived in America, but even the liberals have failed to comprehend the criminal enormity of what is being done. Protest has been pusillanimous, pussy-footed, because of cowardice on the one hand and concealed, or even unrealized, vested interest on the other. Furthermore, many of those who oppose the war have fallen into the trap of suggesting solutions to it: too often the Pentagon or the State Department have been able to dismiss these solutions as unworkable or just plain foolish, thus discrediting protest and protestor alike. The real objection to the war is, however, a moral objection: either it is right or it is wrong; and in this field Rusk and McNamara are no greater experts than their opponents. It is for the United States government to find a solution to its own moral problem, not for its critics. The first step, an unconditional end to the bombing of North Vietnam, is obvious.

Both these books deserve to be widely read, although it would be easy to argue that Donald Duncan overstates his case. Dilemma, says the one, there is no dilemma but that of our own making. Communism, says the other, "Communism is a threat because of our hysterical, irrational response to it and because we offer no viable alternative"; the real enemy of the United States is her own illusions.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR OF 1914-1918

Sir Llewellyn Woodward

General histories of the War often fail to do justice to the extent of the British contribution. This detailed study covers both the actual fighting and the political direction of the war, and provides a valuable account of Britain's involvement. 8 maps. 644 pages. 84s.

GERMANY 1789-1919

A Political History

Agatha Ramm

The whole scope of German political history from the French Revolution to the end of the First World War is covered in this new standard work. 626 pages. 84s.

ITALY FROM LIBERALISM TO FASCISM

Christopher Seton-Watson

A history of the liberal half-century between the Italian occupation of Rome, which ended the Risorgimento, and the establishment of Mussolini's fascist dictatorship in 1925. 8 maps. 762 pages. 120s.

IRISH ART During The Viking Invasions, 800-1020 A.D.

Françoise Henry

The second volume of Dr. Henry's definitive work on early Irish art covers the tumultuous years of the Viking invasions. This was the period of gradual and often imperceptible transition from the Celtic art of the eighth century to the beginnings of the Romanesque. 18 colour plates, 112 greyscale plates and 44 line drawings. 84s.

SWIFT the Man, his Works and the Age VOLUME II: DR. SWIFT

Irvin Ehrenpreis

The second volume of this definitive life continues the story of Swift's activities, social, political and literary, from 1689 to 1714, culminating in his dramatic last years as a political journalist in England. 800 pages. 108s.

THE REVELS PLAYS

THE ALCHEMIST

Ben Jonson

Edited by F. H. Mares

30s.

AFRICA IN TRANSITION

Edited by B. W. Hodder and D. R. Harris

This study—the most comprehensive geography of the changing map of Africa—is divided regionally. Each author is familiar at first hand with the area he discusses, and considers its special problems in the total geographic, economic, political and social context. 41 maps and 8 tables. 60s.

JAPAN ADVANCES

A Geographical Study

Prue Dempster

A survey of the geography of Japan, paying special attention to recent developments in farming and industry. Throughout the book there are many detailed studies of individual families, village communities, farms, factories and towns. 180 maps and figures. 76s.

METHUEN'S GENERAL STUDIES BOOKS

IMAGINATION ALL COMPACT

A. N. W. Saunders

What is great art? Why do we enjoy and value it? Mr. Saunders investigates these questions by examining the nature of our reaction to the arts. Assuming only the most elementary knowledge in the reader, he uses many illustrations and extracts from literature to give a better understanding and enjoyment of the fine arts. 32 illustrations. 25s.

NOW IN PAPERBACK

THE THEATRE OF BERTOLT BRECHT

John Willett

Third, Revised Edition

"Surely one of the best books ever written on a theatrical subject." (an Hamilton, *The Manchester Guardian*)

A HISTORY OF POST-WAR AFRICA

John Hatch

This account of post-war Africa first appeared in 1965 and was acclaimed as a distinguished study of a most involved subject. For the present edition Mr. Hatch has specially written a long preface discussing the most important developments since 1965. University Paperback 18s.

METHUEN

The Old English Baron

A Gothic Tale

CLARA REEVE

Edited with an introduction by JAMES TRAINER

The continuing appeal of this novel, first published in 1777 as *The Champion of Virtue*, reflects its merits as an adventure story with a moralizing purpose. This edition has been prepared from the revised second edition of 1778. 2 line illustrations. 21s net.

Oxford English Novels

The Second Vatican Council

Studies by eight Anglican Observers

Edited by BERNARD C. PAWLEY

A unique report on the Council through the eyes of eight Anglicans from England, the U.S.A., and Canada. It is important not only for the current problems it presents but also as a report to history on the significance of the Council from a non-Roman but sympathetic viewpoint. *Paper covers*. 21s net.

Anglo-American Criminal Justice

DELMAR KARLEN

In collaboration with GREGORY SAWER and EDWARD M. WISE

This book compares the workings of criminal justice in England and the United States, providing a concise and valuable guide to contemporary criminal procedure in each country. The author explores points at which both countries can learn from each other. 40c net.

The Harth

JEAN PETRIE

Illustrated by DAVID A. HARDY

The latest book in the *Oxford Children's Reference Library* describes the formation of the Harth, its phenomena such as earthquakes and hurricanes, and the characteristics of the different climates. Numerous colour illustrations. 21s net.

Ancient Greek Literature

G. M. DOWD

Paper covers. 7s 6d net. OUP 18

The English Magistracy

FRANK MUTTON

Paper covers. 31s 6d net. OUP 18

Oxford Paperbacks

The Crisis of the Aristocracy 1558-1641

LAWRENCE STONE

A new abridged edition, omitting many statistical and other details which are unnecessary for the non-specialist reader. 17 text figures. 17s 6d net.

Memoirs of a Revolutionary 1901-1941

VICTOR SERGE

Translated and edited by PETER SEDGWICK

... he is... a fine analyst of the human substance of the revolution. *The New Statesman*. 12s 6d net.

Reflections on Government

SIR ERNEST BARKER

A study of the general movement of political ideas in Europe, in particular during the quarter of a century preceding the Second World War. 12s 6d net.

Documents of the Christian Church

Selected and edited by HENRY RITTENSON

The second edition of a source-book which has won a world-wide reputation since it was first published in 1943. Second edition. 12s 6d net.

Latin Poetry in Verse Translation

From the Beginnings to the Renaissance

Edited by E. V. Rieu

A stimulating anthology which contains translations by Basil Bunting, Gilbert Highet, James Elroy Flecker, C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, Christopher Marlowe, Ezra Pound, Helen Waddell, and many other distinguished poets. 16s net.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

Arts and Architecture

CHIPS

The Diaries of
Sir Henry Channon

edited by

ROBERT

RHODES JAMES

The 20th century Peps. Intimate diaries of a man who was for many years at the centre of English social and political life.

16 November 63s

Sins of the Fathers

A study of the
Transatlantic Slave
Traders 1441-1807

JAMES

POPE-HENNESSY

A panoramic study of four centuries of organized and international crime. Essential reading for anyone concerned by the history of racial oppression. 13 November 42s

Elizabeth

Queen of England

NEVILLE WILLIAMS

The most revealing biography of Elizabeth I yet published, including recent research and new evidence. just published 50s

Old Q

The Rake of Piccadilly

HENRY BLYTH

An outspoken biography of the Fourth Duke of Queensbury William Douglas, known as 'the wickedest man in Regency London'. By the author of *The Pocket Venus*. just published 42s

Slave of the Lamp

A public servant's
notebook

ARTHUR SALTER

'Lord Salter is one of the great civil servants of our time... This book is an important contribution to the history of our time'. A. L. Rowse published today 45s

Ramage and the Drum Beat

DUDLEY POPE

The second novel by this famous naval historian, whose first novel was hailed as a 'worthy successor to the Hornblower series'. published today 21s

The Giantkiller

CHAPMAN PINCHER

An urgent and gripping tale on the convergent themes of ambition and the drive to self-destruction. Chapman Pincher was recently voted 'journalist of the decade'. just published 25s

The Assassins

BERNARD LEWIS

The development of myth, legend and known facts about the famous and infamous Assassins and their importance in the history of revolutionary and terrorist movements. 16 November 30s

PART-OBJECTS AND WHOLE-OBJECTS

ADRIAN STOKES: *Reflections on the Nude*. 64pp. Tavistock Publications. 18s. 6d.

Mr. Stokes published *The Invitation to Art* in 1965 with the disclaimer that it was to be the last of a series about art and aesthetics from a psycho-analytic point of view. However, in his new book, and particularly in the title essay, Mr. Stokes makes almost as free use of the psycho-analytic theories of Melanie Klein as before, although Mrs. Klein's name is no longer mentioned—which is irritating because it suggests that these theories have general currency and now go unquestioned.

The argument of the title essay seems to be as follows: the human infant's first relationships are with "part-objects", that is, objects that it feels not to be altogether foreign and separate from itself, like the mother's breast. Later the infant establishes relationships with "whole-objects" that it recognizes as entirely independent and separate from itself—first and foremost its own mother. From its awareness of the mother's self-sufficiency the infant gains "a realization of the outside world of objects as such". But, says Mr. Stokes, we have a recurrent tendency to regard whole-objects as part-objects.

The importance of the nude is that it can provide for us an imaginative translation of "the whole-object prototype" (the mother). The respect that we feel for the naked body is closely related to the respect which we feel for other human beings (and also for objects) as such: "an important factor, therefore, in regard not only to respect but to tolerance and benevolence". Art performs the function of providing society with whole-objects for contemplation, although Mr. Stokes considers that it is possible that hallucinations induced by drugs may come to take the place of both art and organized religion. Yet man's need to establish relationships with whole-objects remains. "Every perky car mascot has a whole-object under its belt."

In a later essay on collage Mr. Stokes notes that the enlargement of objects by magnifying aids, and particularly in the photographic blow-up, has resulted in the disruption of scale in art and the painting of huge canvases of extremely simplified design. "Totally ambiguous in scale, these works may appear to expand further, grow over us, very complete though they be in themselves as well. In this way an extreme part-object possessiveness returns."

However, Mr. Stokes sees the abandonment of imitation for the incorporation of actual "things" in collage and assemblage as an affirmation of the object, whole or part, and hopes that it may eventually be possible for artists to construct whole-objects as "a sober conception of the integrated being". Yet in another essay, "Art and Embodiment",

he foresees the possibility that the present tendency to submit to effects of chance and the interest in "natural phenomena" displayed in kinetic sculpture, might portend the end of the art as we know it in the quest for the involvement of the spectator. Mr. Stokes concludes that: "This would matter not at all if a dilution of art proper were to mean that almost everyone has become an artist in the way of his work, in an area of his interests, in the manner that he views the world."

This remarkable conclusion shows an impressive openness of mind: a belief that art and life are so intimately connected that an improvement in the way most of us live may make art as we have previously known it redundant.

There is a lot worth attending to in these essays, as there is in everything that Mr. Stokes writes. His conclusions are relevant even if one rejects the arguable psycho-analytic theory on which they are based; the baby does not go out with the bath-water. Yet it is a pity that the reader has to plough through so many enormous assumptions and so much turgid prose.

The infant's progression from the paranoid-schizoid position to the depressive, to the feelings, for instance, of loss, guilt, and responsibility rather than of persecution, is bound up with the full admission of the object as whole in the outside world. In the first instance of the whole mother herself.

The sceptical reader coming across that sentence on the second page of Mr. Stokes's book might be tempted to read no farther, and if he does read farther he will come across many similar statements. Mr. Stokes's style often plunges from the vague and ponderously old-fashioned to the inadvertently comic. His examples are often ludicrous:

The immense reduplication of our appliances, such as switches, denotes harsh nipples instantly presented when they are working, a chaotic pattern of commas when they are not; unrelated alterations of the good and bad breast, the earliest homework of spilling and projection.

All this tends to restrict Mr. Stokes's audience to a devoted band of admirers, mainly fellow aesthetes, philosophers and critics. That his recent books are published by a specialist press, are slim but expensive and without either illustrations or indexes does not help; for his work deserves a wider public hand, arguably, if it had it, would be less marred by obscurantism. Yet, on the other hand, it is perhaps because Mr. Stokes has kept his writing aloof and esoteric, has made no concessions for a popular audience, that he has preserved a sympathetic interest in, and an intelligent understanding of contemporary developments in art.

Mr. Stokes made his major contri-

bution to aesthetics in the 1930s, with books like *Colour and Form*, a work inspired by the method of phenomenological psychology rather than that of psycho-analysis. Although there are many valuable general insights in the present volume, he is now usually at his best when he dispenses with Kleinian theory and discusses individual works of art. The short essay on Michelangelo's "Giorno" is particularly impressive. The reprinted

lecture "The Image in Form" is more diffuse, as lectures are, but a refreshing find that he is not afraid to talk of two constructive works by Cézanne, Bellini, and Brandt and Raphael. Mr. Stokes obviously considers these constructions to be among the most interesting work being produced today, and compares them with the finest work of past ages is not necessarily a mistake that they are of equal value.

HIGH CAMPUS

JOHN BURCHARD and ALBERT BUSI-BROWN: *The Architecture of America*. 480pp. Gollancz. £2 12s. 6d.

A good case could be made for issuing a study like *The Architecture of America* in England, provided it had an index that was up to the job. The authors, in spite of the occasional adoption of a quaint New Deal style of rhetoric (they actually begin with the words "First there was the land"), are reliable and formidable scholars whose totality of historical recall can be stunning in its range, and crushing to the reader.

Among the facts they present in the text are, for instance, a valuable summary of the necessary technologies (in addition to the steel frame and the elevator) which made the skyscraper possible, and the names and dates of the invention of the trailer home—than which few more portentous things have happened to American architecture. Since the skyscraper and the trailer (not to mention the motel, the supermarket, the freeway, etc.) are among the most characteristically American additions to the world stock of architectural concepts, it is more than likely that a European reader would look for a discussion of them in this book, only to find that the index sternly declines all mention of them, even though it has entries on Picasso and the Villa d'Este and Brasília and the Burlington Arcade.

This unsatisfactory situation is not due entirely to the abridgements and simplifications that the authors made in the text for this second edition—though one might understand this to be the case from the new foreword they have added. The fault lies in their conception of social and cultural history, and in the discussion which produced the book. "Culture" for them means, primarily, the high culture of the campus and art-gallery—and of Europe. It therefore makes few contacts with the grass roots cultures that have produced most of America's significant innovations in architecture and—

worse—leads them to go out of their way to deprecate the work of West Coast architects like Greene and Greene, even while admitting it to be "unusually good", on the extraordinary grounds that it was not as influential "as the Savage House of Le Corbusier". Socially, it means that Fred Robie, who commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright's first Prairie House, never gets a mention, and whole body of clients who pulled the splendours of the Chicago school get the back of their hand.

Snobbery? Not in the obvious sense but, rather, the profound snobbery of supposing that architecture is done only by repeat architects. (Our own Royal Institute of British Architects found itself occasioned by the American Institute of Architects as part of a centennial celebration in 1957, of its view of itself suffers a narrowness of vision, even when its contents take a broader view. Mr. Busi-Brown got into the index is a bold move recognized as architects, not buildings to whom architects can be assigned. Thus, James Buchanan Eads, who was "only" an engineer, is mentioned and labeled merely as an example of the type that had departed from American structural work by 1960, but not as the man who designed the Gateway Arch in St. Louis that bears his name.

If it be objected that this is a book of an index and not of a book, the reply must be that any book packed with names and dates is bound to be used as a work of reference, even if its prose style is elegant and persuasive—which is not the case here. But a work of reference in which the mechanics by which one normally refers is poor or even inoperative is a bad book. And it is a much easier matter to mend twenty-four pages of index than 450 of text.

SLAVONIC SPARKLERS

KLEMENT BENDA: *Ornament and Jewellery*. 23pp. 88 plates. Photographs by K. and J. Neubert. Paul Hamlyn. £3 3s.

It is rare to find a book dealing with a branch of art that breaks new ground. This volume does so with real success. Its subject is the jewelry of the Slavs living in the centuries which are still known as the Dark Ages. The more one studies that period the less apt does the definition seem when applied to its material culture. In the case of the Slavs more than 100 objects made for personal use or adornment. Few can be known to British readers and it is fortunate that they are reproduced in such a manner that each can be seen clearly and the details of its craftsmanship appreciated.

The excellent colour plates show more than 100 objects made for personal use or adornment. Few can be known to British readers and it is fortunate that they are reproduced in such a manner that each can be seen clearly and the details of its craftsmanship appreciated. The illustrations are preceded by a text which fills seventeen pages which opens with a foreword written by an author who identifies himself only by the initials M.E. The rest of the text is by Klement Benda, and like the foreword, it has been lucidly rendered into English by I. Unwin.

The first section takes the form of a rapid account of the history of the Slavonic people, their burial customs and the nature of the objects found in their graves from the time of their first appearance in the Balkans to the eleventh century. The second section is devoted to the Slavs who formed the great Moravian kingdom and its offshoots. The last two sections deal respectively with the Polish and the Eastern or Russian Slavs. The writer's knowledge of his subject is wide and profound, and the amount of information compressed into these few pages is prodigious. The book's merit and its weakness stem from this economy of words. Such compression is apt to bewilder the newcomer to the subject. The author mentions regions, communities and burial grounds of which most British readers other than professional archaeologists are unlikely to have heard. The lack of any map is a serious deficiency and the descriptive texts would be more suited to a catalogue raisonné than to an introductory account of a new form of art.

Though the volume purports to deal with the art of the Slavs as a whole, seventy-six of the plates illustrate objects which are in the museums of Czechoslovakia and the other eleven are material from the Hermitage in Leningrad. The book is a polished and attractive volume, and it is a pity that it is not more widely known.

Polish, Yugoslav or Bulgarian sources is included. The exclusion of Bulgarian objects as the plates illustrating part of the Lovelace hoard is particularly regrettable. Wherever their date is debatable, the Bulgarian scholars living in the second half of the first millennium A.D. are mentioned in the text. The book is a treasure of the ninth century in the striking resemblance to the Lovelace hoard. The author mentions some of the Lovelace hoard, but the smaller double-sided silver plate plaque from the district of the second half of the first millennium A.D. is not mentioned. The book is a polished and attractive volume, and it is a pity that it is not more widely known.

Fiction

DOWNHILL

NINA GALEN: *The Remmlüfer*. 280pp. Gollancz. 30s.

The Remmlüfer is a first novel of talent, about a quiet, startlingly intelligent young man who is not afraid to talk of two constructive works by Cézanne, Bellini, and Brandt and Raphael. Mr. Stokes obviously considers these constructions to be among the most interesting work being produced today, and compares them with the finest work of past ages is not necessarily a mistake that they are of equal value.

It is here, in the allegorical scheme, that the book finally breaks down. The dangers implicit in the Germanic, the Jewish and the American soul are displayed with trenchant bluntness. Baldur, the earnest, humourless designer, discovers that the dreams he's had of ideal architecture are no other than childhood memories of the Nazi palace in Nuremberg; and that he is not averse to killing, and to killing Jews at that. Freia's adaptability, and not just selfless forgiveness, but a basic laziness, an intellectual laziness, and triviality of mind which have been characterized by von S as hated Jewish traits. Miss Gale goes to town on Freia. Her irony is devastating. Her comedy is outrageous and exact. The implications of her subject are enormous. This is not just a book about the Third Reich: it's a book about Germany now.

SEXPERIMENT

PATRICK SCENE CATLING: *The Experiment*. 296pp. Anthony Blond. 30s.

Of these two novels from America Patrick Scene Catling's *The Experiment* is the one more likely to keep the cash-registers busy. Its assured, unobtrusive treatment of the celebrated "Human Sexual Response" project will not put off readers with appetites for extraneous knowledge and perversion. "The culture" never interferes with the project, and the project is never allowed to interfere with the culture. The whole is a masterpiece of balance, who is unwittingly drawn into the project, and the hero, who undergoes much anguish in his quest for virginity, manages to resist the moral criticism, such as it is, in his own mind, and to emerge with a new sense of himself.

ANGLO-APOCALYPTIC

ALAN SILLITOE: *A Tree on Fire*. 447pp. Macmillan. 30s.

The best thing one can wish for this country at least, is, alas, a great and tragic calamity, so that if they cannot have pleasant life, which is what one means by civilization, they may at least have a history and something to think of, all of which won't happen in our time.

Thus William Morris in 1874. It is either a sign of his wisdom or of our sluggishness that so many contemporaries might echo, if not the bank-crashings for pleasantness, at least the apocalyptic visions of a cleansing disaster. David Mercer perhaps, David Storey perhaps; Alan Sillitoe almost certainly. His last novel, *The Death of William Posters*, ended with its protagonist leaving this fat and idle country to go gun-running for the Algerian F.L.N. The present one, second volume in a trilogy, alternates between Frank Dawley's experience in the North African desert, and his friend Albert Handley's struggles for this art in Lincolnshire.

However respectfully described, the contrast quickly becomes ludicrous. Dawley's adventures with the F.L.N. are solidly presented, though one does not fight off embarrassing associations merely by having him exclaim gruffly "I've read all that Jack London-Hemingway crap and spewed over it". It is not all crap, and it is not so different from the best parts of this novel. So far as stylistic embellishment goes, Mr. Sillitoe can be as lushly prettifying as the next writing-table activist. What is—well, hard to take, anyway, is a dinner whose climax is this confession by one of Handley's sons:

With a great effort he said: "I joined the Young Conservatives last night." Mandy laughed and Ralph cheered. Handley's cigar dropped. "It won't burn the floor," he said, as Enid rushed to pick it up. "Is that all? O God our help in ages rotten past, with no hope for tomorrow. I could have understood it when we were poor, but not now that we're rich. What's the girl's name?"

"Wendy Bonser." "Bonser's daughter? Some girl. So one of my family is marrying into the landed gentry? Do you love her?" "Passionately, Father."

"That's a start, anyway. We send you off, and we welcome you back. Thank God I'm an artist, or you'd have broken my heart."

An artist indeed: bowing, fawning, quarrelling, struggling with imbecile critics and unarmy journalists. His home is a menagerie, house-

ing seven children, a bulldog to savage visitors, and a brother who is recovering from unspeakable experiences in a Japanese prison-camp. This brother ("Uncle John") is as near as the book can get to a link between Handley the painter and Dawley the revolutionary: abandoning his elaborate apparatus of ham radio ("I want to make contact with someone I've had in mind for a long time"), astonished by Handley's noisy brood with the confident purity of his revolutionary convictions, literally burning down Albert's too-comfortable slice of rural Bohemia, he goes out to look for Dawley and bring him home to Myra, who has his child. (*The Death of William Posters* supplies the biographical background.)

Dawley does return, but Uncle John kills himself, motivelessly, before setting foot again on English soil. He feels, before he dies, "a pain of hopeless love" for England; Handley worries about the blind obedience with which the English went to war in 1914, unlike those "few million Russians" who "refused to take part in this obscenity and voted with their feet for peace. A country only deserves love when the potential for that sort of dirtiness has passed from it". Dawley, in the North African desert, is more positive: England, for him, is a country "where liberty has no meaning".

Dawley's Algerian decisions are on a certain scale, as are the lessons accompanying them. "Nothing had been escaped from," he tells himself, "only entered into." But when he returns to England, as he walks across the countryside: "It was hard to believe that all this rich land was his, that it belonged to him and everybody else. It was a good thought, yet false, though if anyone had tried to scare him from the footpath now, saying he was on private property and had no right there, he would have murdered them in a light-hearted revolutionary way, counting him the first casualty in his own personal war of national liberation."

After the necessary murder, the light-hearted murder. In a world containing Malraux (never mind Hemingway), such capers hardly command respect. The trouble with England is more troublesome than that.

SWEET REVENGE

HUBERT MONTEILHET: *Cupid's Executioners*. 124pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.

The way the past catches up with the present is a familiar theme in Hubert Montelhet's work. In both *Return from the Ashes* and *The Prisoner of Love* the past was a wife who (in different ways) apparently returned from the dead. In *The Road to Hell*, M. Montelhet's best book, the present behaviour of a group of people in a small provincial French town is eccentrically directed by a blackmailer who knows of their past misdeeds.

In *Cupid's Executioners*, the past is an incident in the Spanish Civil War in which Juan, a Nationalist Castilian second lieutenant, executed a group of Republicans. In the present, many years later, Purificación, the daughter of one of the victims, by chance identifies the killer of her father and sets out to revenge him.

Cid in modern dress. It is a readable work, as all M. Montelhet's are, but less ingenious and witty than some of its predecessors.

HELLO DOLLAR

JEROME WEIDMAN: *Other People's Money*. 521pp. Bodley Head. 30s.

Other People's Money is a long, turgid pot-boiler which tries to do too many things at once. If one taste runs to a farago made up of family chronicle, intermittent historical reconstruction, plentiful bedding scenes and half-hearted attempts to talk about the problems of being Jewish in America, then Mr. Weidman's novel will provide a filling but indigestible meal. Victor Smith (i.e. Schmidt) is orphaned when his parents go down in the Lusitania. He is brought up by the Welds of Weld Enterprises, who had employed his father, and finds himself committed to a love-hate relationship with Philip Brandwine, son of the Welds' dishonest partner. Philip, who wishes to be a hero at all costs, is as big a twister as his father, and the book ends with his suicide. Victor, having amassed a large fortune by corporate flattery, gets the daughter of Weld Enterprises, and so rounds off a hellskinner progress through 500 pages.

WRITER'S CRAMP

ALLAN TURPIN: *Innocent Employments*. 198pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

Innocent Employments is the first of a sequence of novels which will trace the experiences of Geoffrey Gillard, a young man whose most constant trait, says the author, "is his ability to be surprised by life... no bad thing for a would-be writer". It is, he goes on, "a book about work". Such firm statements of intent are often to be distrusted: should it really be necessary to explain what one is about in this way? It is also embarrassing to be collared by a self-confessed "would-be writer". And one's initial caution is not unfounded here: although the book is often entertaining, well-written and observant, it is not particularly "about work"; and the naivety of the protagonist is matched by the ironic knowingness of the author.

Gillard's first employment is as a travel agent's courier in Switzerland, which gives an opportunity for much wit at the expense of the "beige

uniformity" and stupidity of the sort of people who go on conducted tours. He then enters his father's stamp dealing firm; this is a more bearable episode, revealing professional intricacies that are fascinating to an outsider. The largest chunk of the book, though, is concerned with the young narrator's stay in a French provincial town forty years ago, in order to learn the language. This does not have much to do with Mr. Turpin's concept of "work" as such. It is, however, the most successful part of the book, perhaps precisely because it is unrestricted by the author's avowed terms of reference. Although it is marred by the "aren't foreigners funny" sort of humour, it has a genuine liveliness, and understanding of a certain kind of French life. The book has a deliberately dated style: everything is tirelessly ironic and acutely descriptive. Every character is a character; every incident an incident.

NO JOKE

MARVIN COHEN: *The Self-Devoted Friend*. 160pp. Rapp and Carroll. 25s.

Marvin Cohen's *The Self-Devoted Friend* comes billed as "one of the funniest and most original works of fiction in years". The same dust-jacket bears this warning from Mr. Cohen himself: "The reader should not embark on his readership of this book until immediately after a six-week fast period of non-smiling. Thus, he will have worked up the appropriate appetite for collaborating with the author." Mr. Cohen's threat is too true. Only a prolonged period of abstinence from all wit and humour of any kind

at all could permit one to regard this as a comic novel. *The Self-Devoted Friend* is a long and unrelieved pseudo-comic dialogue between the narrator and his "friend", the friend being (of course) an ambiguous alter-ego. The slipperiness of the following is typical: "Have you any spare feelings?" I asked, looking for a handout. "Sorry, I used mine all up," lied my cheap-hearted friend. "Why? are you broke?" "Yes, I have a broken heart, but there's no pain to go with it." "Maybe she was ugly?" he declared. "That's funny, she was." I realized, and pop!—my heart was whole.

Hogarth to Cruikshank:
Social Change in Graphic Satire

M. DOROTHY GEORGE

Mrs George is an unrivalled authority on social history of the eighteenth century and on caricature—the author of *London Life in the Eighteenth Century* and of the two-volume *English Political Caricature*, as well as compiler of the *British Museum Catalogue of Political and Personal Satires*.

In this book she has conveyed all the robustness, wit and social climbing of the age as revealed in the prints of men like Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson and the Cruikshanks. This is a unique combination of scholarship and entertainment. 12" x 9" 224pp 12pp colour over 200 b & w illustrations £5 6s.

ALLEN LANE THE PENGUIN PRESS

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: *Cien años de soledad*. 351pp. Buenos Aires: Sudamericana.

The effect of this juxtaposition is often comic. Indeed, comic exaggeration is the keynote of the style but it is an exaggeration that underlines rather than destroys the basic verisimilitude of the story. Thus, when a José Arcadio Buendía is killed by his wife, his blood shows an uncanny knowledge of the streets

Cien años de soledad is a comlo masterpiece and certainly one of Latin America's finest novels to date. Neither realism nor naturalism ever provided a satisfactory style for a continent the conquest of which was achieved by men drunk on novels of chivalry and haunted by tales of El Dorado and the Fountains of Youth, a continent in which nature has almost invariably triumphed over art. Sr. García Márquez, the distinguished author of two other novels, of an excellent volume of short stories, *Los funerales de la Mamá Grande* (1962), and of a short masterpiece, *El coronel no tiene quien le escriba* (1961), has achieved in *Cien años de soledad* not only a best-seller but a best-seller that deserves its success.

DANIEL BOULANGER : *La Nacelle*. 200pp. Paris : Laffont, 13,90fr.

All three of them, together with the abbé, are ex-balloonsists, which suggests that M. Boulanger has more serious things to say about the human condition than meets the eye immediately. Perhaps it is the Fall that has grounded them in their memories like this, for *La Nacelle* starts with a juggling God who could be more than a metaphor for the novelist himself. Moreover, both Migot and, much later, Porond give up life as if it were a great relief: to do so, by adopting the nose of a short-snouter in order to

But the real joy of *La Nacelle* lies in the surprises sprung by a world where language is too much for the laws of nature. At his best M. Boulanger invents like no one else can have done since Giraudoux. Sometimes he jolts our confidence in our perceptions; a profile is described as being so limp that one would think one was seeing it from in front; at other times he creates a bawdy poetry; grief, causing a woman's kimono to wrinkle, produces a sly phallus from the design on the material, out of a ray of sunlight and two cherries. *La Nacelle* is full of such mind-warming pranks, and is as brisk and humane a novel as anyone could want.

J. M. G. LE CLÉZIO: *Terra amata*. 243pp. Paris: Gallimard. 15fr.

the not-sized to the astronomical: A child called Chancelade, a sort of Son of Everyman, links the different sections fleshlessly together, having been born out of a very simplified landscape and started life by picking his nose. Chancelade grows erratic, ally-order and has other big expectations, like sex and death. His name no doubt indicates the fragility of his presence, which is dispensed with before the end of the book, as well as the fragility of language itself, since *Terra incognita* sees the barrier between being and nothingness as a sheet of white paper.

which will finally swallow our fluttering consciousness. But *Terra anata* seems to do little more than repeat the message: we must all live more intensely. It is an inventive book, semantically: there is one page of morse code, two or three of a private language, two or three more which describe, in words, a conversation carried on in deaf and dumb signs. But it is a keen reader indeed who will bother to translate all this. Moreover, M. to Clezio is ready, at the drop of a participle article, to go off into a massive enumeration, so taken is he, as a creator, with the possibility

**JONATHAN
CAPE**

[illegible]

Mr. Selton-Watson, feels that the Libyan war, on top of the leap in the dark of universal suffrage, had doomed Giolitti already in 1911. The Nationalist Party had held its first congress in Florence in the previous December. "Its tone was authoritarian and its themes were the creation of a forceful united nation and its education for war." This party reflected the mood of Europe. Interest in Africa was accompanied in Italy by rising emotions over the position in the Adriatic. The Italians in Trieste and Istria felt themselves to be persecuted, by the Austrian Germans; they also, unless they were Socialists (sometimes the Italian socialists were not quite innocent either) felt social and racial contempt for the Slovenes and Croats there. Fascism is sometimes interpreted as essentially an Adriatic movement growing out of such feelings. Of course, it was not so simple as that, but it is of interest that at about this time (i.e., in 1912) the Pope himself, Pius X, formerly Patriarch of Venice, referred to the Balkan nations then at war as *belli quasi barbari*.

tense against the Central Powers in return for the promise, not only of the Trentino, Trieste and Istria, but also of a large part of Dalmatia and of southern Albania, which Italy had occupied at Christmas. The Russians had fibbed at this "challenge to the Slav conscience" but they had been overruled. As Mr. Seton-Watson says, Dalmatia was the cradle of the Croats and Dalmatia was the most fertile source of the Yugoslav idea, hoping for Istria and Trieste to come to them. Looking back now the Treaty of London seems responsible for forty years of strife between Italians and Yugoslavs in the course of which the fiercest passions were aroused. With the Trieste Agreement of 1954 a fragile solution emerged which appears to be solidifying.

It is not generally doubted that in October, 1922, the Army could still have crushed the Fascist movement had the King commanded this. But at the very last moment Victor Emmanuel called off the state of siege and accepted the resignation of Facta's government. The King's motives can only be guessed: fear of bloodshed, doubt about the Army, suspicion that his cousin, the Duke of Aosta, was ready to supersede him. While bearing in mind that Professor De Felice was writing a life of Mussolini and Mr. Seton-Watson a history of Italy from 1870 to 1925 it is interesting to compare their interpretation of events at this time. The former makes more of Mussolini's renunciation of republicanism in his speech at Udine on September 20. But it is about Facta that the two historians clearly differ. While Mr. Seton-Watson portrays him as longing only to make way for Giolitti, Professor De Felice writes that his ambitions had blocked Giolitti's path. "Era quello che voleva Mussolini, ma per il regime liberale democratico in Italia era la fine." It is not perhaps an important distinction yet an intriguing one.

Mr. Seton-Watson's book is a model of lucidity and poise, fortunately, for it is pucked very tight. One understands, while regretting it, that Salvemini, D'Annunzio, Croce and the rest "do not appear as scholars, poets or philosophers" in this political history. But they do appear. For Italians to this day have kept a faintly Renaissance quality which makes the scholars, poets and philosophers plunge into politics. This colours the country's political life; indeed it is sometimes said that all Italians are journalists. As for Mr. Seton-Watson's accomplished epilogue, which draws the lines of continuity into a single pattern, no reader would wish to miss it.

A final tribute must be paid to Mr. Seton-Watson's footnotes. Where they are not mere references to sources they are full of fascinating bits of information, and they are mercifully at the foot of each page.

A Study of Coleridge's Poetry

PATRICIA M. ADAIR

The theme of this study, 'the waking dream'—the relationship of the conscious and the unconscious—is elucidated by direct commentary on the poetry, the revelation of personality through the record of love and friendships, and the judicious selection of critical scholarship.

Just published
**LAND, LABOUR AND POPULATION IN THE
INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION**

Essays presented to J. D. CHAMBERS

Edited by E. L. JONES and G. E. MINGAY 50s. net

This book deals with the period and themes central to the work of Professor J. D. Chambers, the distinguished economic historian—land, labour and population in England during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Contributions have been invited from former colleagues, students and friends whose work has had some close connexion with Professor Chambers's own. The book will be of considerable value to the serious student of the period.

CLUNY UNDER SAINT HUGH, 1049-1109

NOREEN HUNT 45a. ne)
The abbacy of Saint Hugh spanned more than half a century and witnessed what was in many ways the apogee of Cluny. This comparatively short period has been placed in the context of Cluny's full development, but the author has kept to the monastic constitutional theme since whatever the involvement of Cluny in any field it is ultimately by her own monastic life that she must be judged.

THE STRATFORD-JONAXON LIBRARY

General Editors: JOHN RUSSELL BROWN and BERNARD HARRIS
No. 3. ELIZABETHAN NARRATIVE VERSE
Edited by NICHOLAS ALEXANDER

This is an anthology of longer pos

This is the inventory of longer poems published in English between 1500 and 1610. It contains the first printed translation of Ovid into English, as well as some of the finest imitations, notably George Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, and the rarely printed version of *Héroïde: L'Amour* by Henry Petowe.

EDWARD ARNOLD

41 Maddox Street, London, W.1

THE NATION OF THE ARCHERS

RENÉ GROUSSET: *Conqueror of the World*. Translated by Denis Sinor and Marian MacKellar. Preface, notes and bibliography by Denis Sinor. 300pp. Oliver and Boyd. £3 3s.

A cultural agreement between the United Kingdom and the Mongolian People's Republic, signed earlier this year, is already stimulating a fresh interest in the Mongols and their history. Dr. Charles Bawden, England's leading Mongologist, is spending six months in Mongolia; the University of Leeds has six students from Mongolia (there were three last year); and Leeds is also organizing the first course ever offered in this country combining instruction in the modern language and lectures on the modern history, institutions, and economic structure of the country—with the extra advantage of having on its staff a resident Mongol scholar, Mr. Urgun Onon. There is also an Anglo-Mongolian Society, with headquarters in London—and the city of Leeds is triple-twinning with the cities of Ulan Bator in Mongolia, and Lyons in France.

All this makes appropriate the presentation, by Professor Denis Sinor (formerly of Cambridge, now of Indiana), of an improved version of Grousset's biography of Chingis Khan. On the spelling of this name, Professor Sinor rightly comments that Chingis is the correct form and that it is a pity that, under Hollywood influence, the incorrect French form, Gengis (derived from a Chinese mispronunciation) is regaining currency. This should be drawn to the attention of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which remains obstinately wedded to the wrong spelling.

Grousset's original work was written, under difficult conditions, during the German occupation, as Professor Sinor explains in his lively and interesting introduction. He used quotation marks when he was quoting or paraphrasing, but did not name his sources. Professor Sinor has succeeded in identifying many of these sources, and where there is a later, improved translation, he substitutes it for that used by Grousset—as in

the case of the magnificent translation, by Professor Boyle of Manchester, of the work of the Persian Juwaini, who was in the Mongol service and visited Mongolia before China was visited by Marco Polo. He has also added an excellent bibliography, in which each book and article is briefly but clearly described and its merits or weaknesses pointed out. The end product is a book that is indispensable for anyone who wants to begin to acquaint himself not only with the life of Chingis Khan but also with the history of "the nation of the archers", as the Armenians called the Mongols.

Probably the most serious omission in Mr. Sinor's bibliographical essay is the *opera* by Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, of the nature of pastoral nomadic societies and the part played in them by "great men". Gibbon was concerned not really with Chingis Khan, but with Attila the Hun. Nevertheless, what he had to say is important still, because in our times the tendency has been to treat Chingis Khan not only as a "great man" but also as a romantic "great man", which he certainly was not. Alas, the influence of Hollywood is not limited to spelling. Grousset, as Mr. Sinor judiciously notes, was fascinated by "great men", but his method was to discuss first the general history of the domestic realm of Eurasia, then the history of the Mongols, and finally the career of Chingis Khan.

Grousset was a pioneer in using the "social" material in the *Secret History of the Mongols*, available to him in the German translation by Erich Haenisch. This extraordinary chronicle, combining legendary and historical material, was written in Mongol in the middle of the thirteenth century, when men who knew

Chingis Khan were still alive. It was preserved in a Chinese phonetic transcription—and one has to know both languages, and the horrible difficulties of using Chinese characters to transcribe any language phonetically, to appreciate the problem of restoring the "Mongol" text.

Mr. Sinor does not mention the pioneer Russian translation of the Chinese translation of this text by the Archimandrite Palladius in 1866 (*Works of the Russian Religious Mission in Peking*). He does mention that a partial translation (from the Mongol text) was made by Paul Pelliot, too late for Grousset to be able to use it.

He himself wrote his own bibliography too early to be able to include another partial translation, by Arthur Waley. Finally, there is a very fine version, not noted by Mr. Sinor, done from the medieval Mongol into modern Mongol by Ts. Damdinsuren, one of Mongolia's greatest living scholars. This version is unique because all the other scholars who have grappled with the considerable linguistic difficulties of the *Secret History* have studied Mongol as an alien language, quite unrelated to either the Indo-European or the Chinese language-families, a language in which the thought-process flows through the sentence-structure in a decidedly unfamiliar way, while for Damdinsuren the Mongol language, old or new, is part of his being—and he is also steeped in the Mongol tradition of balladry, legend, heroic and heraldic diction as a whole and not of just one period. It is worth noting that Japanese, though not a member of the same language-family as Mongol, does have the same pattern of thought-flow through the sentence-structure. This is one of the reasons why Japanese contributions to Mongolian studies are so important, though barred to most of us.

Grousset was one of the first to dig into the original sources, even if they were available to him only in translation, to try to picture Chingis Khan not only as a "great man"—the great conqueror, the great destroyer—but as a member of a particular kind of society, one that can be recognized and described, in a period of history that had its own characteristics. Since Grousset's death, all these questions of the individual and the society have taken on a new importance for Soviet and Chinese historians, and even more for the Mongols themselves. For the

Russians, this is a question of Soviet, not simply Russian history. When the armies of Chingis Khan swept through what has since become Soviet Central Asia, did they do nothing but destroy a higher culture, a more developed civilization than their own? And when they got to Russia, was the mark that they made in history also nothing but a smear of devastation?

Two different answers can be proposed to these two questions. When Chingis Khan invaded Central Asia it was being badly governed by a degenerate dynasty which relied in the main on Turkish mercenaries to enforce its despotic rule. Chingis Khan, a man of his time, had strong notions about loyalty. On occasion, he massacred troops who surrendered to him not because of defeat but because they were disloyal: if they had not been loyal to their previous lord, how could he count on their loyalty to him?

He also massacred civilians when he felt it was necessary to break a popular resistance. There is a point here that Grousset missed. Chingis Khan he rates as "generous, magnanimous, and great, moderate in all things, balanced, rooted in common sense, human, in a word, even humane", and then adds that it was not his fault if he commanded "troops of the approximate level of cultural development of redskins of the seventeenth-century American prairie". That was not in fact what it was all about. The Mongols were simply learning from "civilization", and adopting what was already standard practice in that region, which extended from Central Asia into Persia and Afghanistan. Power here was based on heavy concentration of population in irrigated oases. In the local war, before the coming of the Mongols, if one oasis-state defeated another it slaughtered the manpower, in order to prevent the defeated people from recuperating and taking revenge. In fact, once the Mongols had completed the conquest and begun to rule, they were at least as enlightened as the local dynasties that had preceded them.

In Russia, on the other hand, the Mongol conquest was indeed an unmitigated calamity. Kiev was at that time a flourishing state, rapidly spreading among the Slavs a civilization derived largely from Byzantium. Its destruction threw the Russians back into an earlier, more brutal period of history. It is not surprising therefore that the Russian

historians have nothing good to say about Chingis Khan and denounce the cult of him as one of the great men of history. The Chinese, however, look at him differently. They regard him as a great man, a conqueror China; but the Mongols on the other hand, who were brought to a large part of Central Asia within the horizon of China's higher civilization, and this was all to the good for China, Mongolia, and Central Asia. They have much of the same kind to say about Kang Hsi, the greatest of the Manchu emperors (about whom the Russians can tell nothing good to say), who repeated the operation of bringing Mongolia and Central Asia within the Chinese horizon.

Mongolia's own historians take an in-between position. When Chingis Khan was young, they say, Mongolia was in a chronic state of intertribal war. By knocking people's heads together Chingis Khan united the tribes. It is true that the result was only a "feudal" state, but feudalism is "progressive" compared with tribalism. When, however, Chingis Khan moved on to conquer other peoples and countries, the story becomes "negative". Under Chingis Khan and his successors the barbarism of Mongolia was sent away to die in foreign lands, in war or from sickness, to no good purpose. No cultural influences, no booty, no wealth seeping back into Mongolia could compensate for this loss of young and the talented who had been carried on Mongolia's conquest.

Chambers was a person of unsound mind and not normal, that he has for some reason which I did not pretend to understand acquired a grudge against me and was trying to destroy me. If Dr. Zelig had been content to marshal evidence showing that Chambers was indeed a person of unsound mind, he would have produced a book of great value. He shows, convincingly, that Chambers was, to put it mildly, a very queer fish, a liar, an attitude-maker, an impostor, a person whose behaviour is indescribable, let alone explainable, without reference to psychotic concepts. He also produces a number of telling examples to demonstrate that Chambers was largely motivated by envy, hatred and malice. That it was precisely his "freaks" who were the objects of his attacks. However, Dr. Zelig has attempted more than this. Not only does he try to prove that Hiss's behaviour in 1950 was the behaviour of Chambers in the 1930s

We are fortunate in having a new and improved edition of Grousset at this time when the message of the life and times of Chingis Khan is a hotly debated issue among Mongols themselves and their neighbours, the Russians and the Chinese.

BROTHERLY HATRED

MORRIS A. ZELIGS: *Friendship and Fratricide*. 476pp. André Deutsch. £3 3s.

Dr. Zelig's book, subtitled "An Analysis of Whitaker Chambers and Alger Hiss", presents a psychoanalytical hypothesis about the Hiss case, namely, that Chambers and Hiss occupied complementary positions in the unconscious of one another and were, therefore, drawn together by forces of which neither was aware. Both Chambers and Hiss had been, and were, drawn together by the forces of which neither was aware. Both Chambers and Hiss had been, and were, drawn together by the forces of which neither was aware.

The idea that Chambers had psychological and not political motives for accusing Hiss is not original. It was, and apparently still is, Hiss's own explanation, and psychiatric evidence discrediting Chambers's alibi as a witness and suggesting that his hostility towards Hiss derived from his relationship with his own brother as presented at Hiss's second trial. Dr. Zelig's book can, therefore, be regarded as in part an attempt to substantiate Hiss's own statement, made to the New York Grand Jury, which indicted him for perjury, that:

Chambers was a person of unsound mind and not normal, that he has for some reason which I did not pretend to understand acquired a grudge against me and was trying to destroy me.

If Dr. Zelig had been content to marshal evidence showing that Chambers was indeed a person of unsound mind, he would have produced a book of great value. He shows, convincingly, that Chambers was, to put it mildly, a very queer fish, a liar, an attitude-maker, an impostor, a person whose behaviour is indescribable, let alone explainable, without reference to psychotic concepts. He also produces a number of telling examples to demonstrate that Chambers was largely motivated by envy, hatred and malice. That it was precisely his "freaks" who were the objects of his attacks. However, Dr. Zelig has attempted more than this. Not only does he try to prove that Hiss's behaviour in 1950 was the behaviour of Chambers in the 1930s

was due to his identifying him with his own brother, Bosley Hiss—a theory which seems to be based solely on the fact that Chambers was then calling himself Crossley—but he also offers a psychoanalytical interpretation of the characters and lives of both Hiss and Chambers in terms of their childhood experiences. Unfortunately, in so doing he falls into every trap which can ensnare the unwary analyst who tries to apply his theories outside the familiar territory of his consulting room.

In clinical practice, two criteria exist for deciding whether an interpretation is true—or "correct", as the jargon has it—the patient's eventual agreement with it, and the liberating effect of his doing so. But neither Chambers nor Hiss was ever a patient of Dr. Zelig's. Chambers refused either to be interviewed by him or to correspond with him, while Hiss, who answered innumerable questionnaires from Dr. Zelig over a period of five years, remains entirely unconvinced by his central thesis.

I have done my best to make an objective self-analysis of the validity of the idea. I recognize the evident assonance between the names (Bosley and Crossley) but please note that one is a first and one a last name. But, try though I have, I cannot find any emotional responses that are remotely similar in my attitudes towards the two. The assonance in names and the age similarities seem therefore not indicative of deeper equivalences but purely superficial and accidental.

Dr. Zelig dismisses this rebuttal as "resistance" without, however, explaining how an analyst distinguishes between emotional resistance to a true statement and intellectual objection to an untrue one.

The author's interpretations are in fact speculations, and uncritical ones at that. He leaps in where angels fear to tread and has no inhibitions about offering, for instance, a detailed interpretation of Hiss's father's unconscious motives for committing suicide in 1907, despite the absence of any supporting documentary evidence. He also makes great play with the concept of "symbolic re-enactment". This idea, which in a clinical context refers to the fact that a patient may behave, especially in relation to his analyst, in a way which reflects some

previous event or relationship, Dr. Zelig uses to establish the existence of a significant connexion between any two events which have anything at all in common. He even describes Hiss's imprisonment as an "ironic re-enactment" of his father's suicide on the ground that it left his ten-year-old son temporarily fatherless, apparently oblivious of the fact that Hiss did not commit himself to prison but went there against his will—or that fathers in prison can write letters to their sons while dead ones cannot.

Dr. Zelig also fails to deal successfully with the problems involved in applying a theory based on pathology to the assessment of a whole personality. He is obviously impressed by Hiss and admires his rather English reserve and his capacity to be objective even about matters deeply concerning himself, but the language with which he describes Hiss as having been a cold, withdrawn child, lacking "emotional insight", but his evidence for supposing this is the "objectivity" with which Hiss wrote about his childhood forty years later. (Rather similarly, he stigmatizes as "legalistic" a statement made by Hiss while in a court of law.) Dr. Zelig may be right in saying that Hiss is a cold tactless person with the knack of antagonizing people who value "outgoingness" highly, but his way of saying it involves him in maintaining that objectivity is both an asset and a defect of personality.

Friendship and Fratricide will, no doubt, be widely cited as an example of the absurdity of psychoanalytical excursions into biography, particularly as it follows so closely on the Freud-Bullitt study of Woodrow Wilson, but its real weakness lies in Dr. Zelig's lack of intellectual discipline, which leads him to exaggerate the significance of similarities and to ignore differences. He has allowed an intriguing idea to run away with him, and as a result what might have been an informative study of the dramatic and tragic clash between two contrasting characters has been blown up into something pretentious and unconvincing.

Robert Graves and Omar Ali-Shah THE RUBAIYYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

A new translation with critical commentaries

For the first time a classical Persian scholar and a major English poet collaborate in a *true* translation which shows Omar Khayyam's philosophy to be the reverse of that presented, in ignorance of the Persian language and of Sufi symbolism, by Edward FitzGerald. 21/-

A highly controversial biography of the Governor of the Bank of England from 1920 to 1942

Montagu Norman by ANDREW BOYLE

"A mastery biography and a fascinating work of detection. Everyone interested in money, politics and the dark side of public faces should read it."—MAURICE EDELMAN, M.P. 42/-

General André Beaufre

1940: THE FALL OF FRANCE

An historical document of great importance—an eye-witness account of the tragic events that led to the collapse of France. General Beaufre was at headquarters in Paris throughout those fateful days and he describes at first-hand what happened. 42/-

Townshend of Kut

A BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES TOWNSHEND, K.G.B., D.S.O.

by A. J. BARKER

A new assessment of "Chitral Charlie", defender of Kut, based on hitherto unpublished Townshend letters and his copious diaries. 42/-

Korea

THE COMMONWEALTH AT WAR

by TIM CAREW

Not another history of the Korean War but the first-hand stories of some of the men from Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Canada who fought in that vicious land. 42/-

The Life and Death of the Fighting Bull

Photographs by JOSÉ SUÁREZ

Text by JOHN MARKS

The most exciting bull-fighting photographs ever taken, by the leading Spanish authority, text by the late English expert. 12½" x 9½" with 64 full-page photographs. 50/-

NEW FICTION

William Haggard THE CONSPIRATORS

"A brilliant book—swift, sinewy, expert and so compulsively readable."—EDMUND CRISPIN, *Sunday Times*.

"Grant a writer the possession of one gift in real abundance and that solitary talent will of itself lift us time and again into space-clearing orbit. Such a writer is William Haggard. It is an entrancing gift."—H. R. F. KEBLING, *The Times*. 21/-

The Unlikely Ghosts

Edited by JAMES TURNER

A collection of twelve original ghost stories by KATE BARLEY ANTHONY RYE RONALD BLYTHE WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR D. G. COMPTON RONALD DUNCAN JEAN STUBBS PAUL TABORI JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON FRED URQUHART CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE ROSALIND WADE 25/-

CASSELL

UNIVERSITY OF HULL PUBLICATIONS

Secular Religions in France 1815-1870

D. G. CHARLTON

"Continuing the same vein of investigation as in his *Fastidius Thought during the Second Empire*, but considerably widening his span, Professor Charlton has produced a much-needed study of the proliferation of religions and quasi-religious cults and systems in nineteenth-century France... competent and thought-provoking." *Frederick Studies* 42s net

Lollards and Protestants in the Diocese of York 1509-1558

A. G. DICKENS

"One of the most important works on 16th century English history to appear for many years... no one interested in English history can afford to miss this book; and for good measure Professor Dickens writes with pungency and wit." *Christopher Hill in Spectator* 1 folding map 35s net

Order, Empiricism and Politics

Two Traditions of English Political Thought 1500-1700

W. H. GREENLEAF

Dr. Greenleaf's valuable book illuminates new and important aspects of political thought. He has a rare ability to link the past with the present and he is to be commended for a readable and attractive achievement. *The Times Literary Supplement* 42s net

A Town Grammar School through Six Centuries

A History of Hull Grammar School Against its Local Background.

JOHN LAWSON

He has produced the definitive account, a model of its kind based on much detailed research among printed and ms. materials, particularly among local archives at Hull... a splendidly produced work of fine scholarship. *The University of Leeds Review* 35s net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ANYONE FOR POLO?

SILVIO MICHELI: *Mongolia*. Translated by Bruce Penman. 366pp. Hollis and Carter. Distributed by Bodley Head. £2 2s.

On the spine, beneath the dustjacket, the title of Silvio Micheli's book contains but a single word: *Mongolia*, which may possibly delude the library browser into the belief that here is another companion to Ripen, Friars and Lattimore. *Mongolia*, in fact, is something very different indeed. It is the story of the travels of an Italian journalist, undertaken in the bitter cold of late 1959 or early 1960, with the apparent objective of looking for traces of Marco Polo. Quite what Silvio Micheli expected to find it is hard to say, perhaps a bit of graffiti on the ruined walls of Kara Korum, the effect that M. Polo was here, or even, given the tone of the latter part of this book, that M.P. loves Blank. Needless to say, Silvio Micheli does not convince us that he has succeeded, where so many scholars before him have failed, in finding physical proof of the passage of the great Venetian adventurer. Indeed, it is hard to say quite what Silvio Micheli does discover apart from the fact that Mongolian privacy, by law placed in small huts a long way from human dwellings, are hell in winter.

The first part of *Mongolia*, which is subtitled "In Search of Marco Polo and Other Adventures", is devoted largely to Silvio Micheli's growing dislike for the innermost, whom the thought authorities of the Mongolian Republic would like to see

for him, a Mr. Aguan, surely one of the most tedious characters in the literature of travel. While Mr. Aguan fed him the party line, Silvio Micheli toured by *Gus* (the Russian equivalent of a Jeep) the country south of Ulan Bator, *kolkhoz* by *kolkhoz*. This was not enjoyable to Silvio Micheli, and it became positively frustrating when, at Zun-Bayan, Mr. Aguan prevented the Italian traveller from going to bed with a pretty Mongolian girl. (Or did he? The text is a bit obscure at this point.)

Silvio Micheli, however, soon had his revenge. At Kara Korum, the site of the Mongolian capital, in the days of Kubilai Khan, Mr. Aguan fell ill and had to return to Ulan Bator. Silvio Micheli, accompanied by his driver and by a Mongol youth called Pulgin, whom he picked up among the ruins, set out, unescorted and, apparently, without official blessing, for the extreme west of Mongolia. Here Silvio Micheli met Pulgin's sister, Sayan. He fell in love with Sayan, and his feelings were reciprocated, which enabled the traveller to acquire first hand experience of the Mongolian equivalent of kissing, a nuzzling of the neck with the nose, an operation known as the *inexshik*. Silvio Micheli's involvement with Sayan aroused the jealousy of Pul-

gin, who had earlier escaped Mr. Aguan. The final chapters of the book describe the journey of Sayan and Silvio Micheli back to Ulan Bator and the sad parting at the airport, Sayan weeping as the Italian traveller set out for his home in the distant west. Perhaps this was all a re-enactment of Marco Polo's farewell to some damsel of the steppes—Marco Polo certainly commented in his book on the beauty (and lack of body hair) of Mongolian women.

Silvio Micheli's story is indeed strange. The episodes, such as Aguan read true enough to the interpreters, provided by the "Democracies" are not noted by Micheli. Viewpoint, however, is not a neutral thing. How did Pulgin and Sayan, however, become the characters of the narrative? Under the weight of recent years, not usually found in this genre of travel literature. It is almost a truism that the more one travels, the more one is changed. But perhaps that is not the case here. The parents that we are not accustomed to see in love affairs amidst the sand dunes and mixed with tea of Central Asia, travel. Silvio Micheli's story is not the authoritative one. The question, whether the "People's Republic" was made into a

THIRTY YEARS' LOVE

FRANCES LLOYD GEORGE: *The Years that are Past*. 296pp. Hutchinson. £2 2s.

For some Liberals, with as well as about the capital letter, the permission society jumped the gun by half a century and more. David Lloyd George made both love and war, and widow leaves us in no doubt about the circumstances in which she went to work as secretary for the dynamic Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1912, twenty years before they married. She was the "power and mastery" exercised over her, and of her reaction that he, too, needed her. Yet her love was strong too.

The decision was a heart-shocking one, due to my upbringing and the emotions I held regarding any woman who lived with a man to whom she was married. I held myself to the light to speak, and passed judgment on the woman for some comfort but not the usual things which the world holds.

Frances Stevenson, modestly advanced in her views yet no Edwardian militant, was evidently a competent and agreeable young woman with a desire to do good and a strong bias towards respectability. Welsh magic was something she had not bargained for. She heard Lloyd George, whose first marriage took place the year she was born, giving an address in a Baptist chapel and at once fell in love with his spell. She was engaged to his daughter Megan, and so began the endless love-and-war match, the tangle of the class which set Montagues at odds with Capulets. Her mother hoped all along that she would leave her distinguished lover. The Lloyd George family also tried to finish the affair, and Megan was unforgiving to the end. Mary Plaque scarcely concluded this thirty years' war. There was even a son, a fillet of deathbeds: Lady Lloyd George was unable to go to her mother's because she was watching beside her husband's.

All was battle, domestic and foreign. The armies had their backs to the wall in France; Lloyd George had his to the wall in the Commons. And still his widow fights to defend his memory against the Aquilifers, against Haig, against denunciations of Versailles which ended the first

war, against those who might have misinterpreted what seemed to be his pro-German preoccupations in the second. There was hardly a pause, still less an end to the fighting on all fronts. He faced the 1935 election feeling, as he puts it, like an Abyssinian—"knowing that all the guns and ammunition are on the other side, and the poison gas too".

This autobiography could easily be better written and less engaging, and all Lady Lloyd George's readers will be glad that at least she had no major poison gas attack to face.

GOOD WORKS

MOLLY HUGGINS: *Too Much to Tell*. 328pp. Heinemann. £2 5s.

Too much, there may be, but Lady Huggins has a good go at putting it all down, and she is sound in literary wind as well as unquenchably energetic.

It would be a pity if the accumulative detail of life as colonial administrator or as a lady in Malaya and the Caribbean would obscure the most practical good works which she seems either to have initiated or to have taken part in wherever she went. It would be a greater one if the rather brittle later sections of the book should be allowed to detract from the merit of the first few chapters, which evoke, with freshness and simplicity, a vanished Scotland and a yet more irrevocably vanished Malaya.

ARNOLD MAJOR

WILLIAM A. MADDEN: *Matthew Arnold. A Study of the Aesthetic Temperament in Victorian England.* 242pp. Indiana University Press (American University Publishers Group). £2.5s.

A great mound of evidence in biographies, reminiscences and collections of letters makes it abundantly clear that the circle of Matthew Arnold's friends and acquaintances did not include many who in the normal sense of the word would be labelled "aesthetes". Surely, then, it is actively misleading to use the term "aesthetic" in an unnatural sense which would turn Thomas Carlyle into an aesthete even more certainly than Arnold, and surely, too, Professor Madden, co-founder and co-editor of that useful periodical *Victorian Studies*, cannot escape censure for employing this epithet when "poetic" would have suited his book equally well and closed the door firmly on possible confusion. To speak of the "aesthetic temperament" of a man who thought conduct "at least three-fourths of human life", who from youth to age enjoyed few things more than a day's shooting or fly-fishing, who showed little intimate understanding of any of the arts other than poetry, is at once odd and singularly unhelpful. In his concluding chapter Professor Madden almost admits the oddity when he writes:

Judged against the attitudes of later writers like Pater, Yeats, Wilde, and Joyce, Arnold appears as a moralist in the classical tradition of stoicism, modified by the *Nachschmerz* of Christian sentiment . . .

but he still argues that "in relation to the past which he inherited, he must be regarded as a Romantic advocate of the aesthetic consciousness".

What does this mean? It means that Arnold was a poet and exalted his office. It means that while he respected discursive reasoning more than, for example, Tennyson or Browning ("... my respect for the reason as the rock of refuge to this

poor exaggerated surest excited humanity increases and increases . . ."), he claimed as a poet that "of the various modes of manifestation through which the human spirit pours its force" the poetic mode was "the most adequate and happy". It means that, like Shelley, Arnold thought that without imagination morality remained a matter of dull, unworkable precept. It means that, like Carlyle, he believed that whereas in the past religion had "fit up" morality, in the future that task would devolve on imaginative literature. If Arnold illustrates the aesthetic temperament, then so does Dr. J. A. Richards when he agrees with Arnold that poetry "is capable of saving us: it is a perfectly possible means of overcoming chaos".

Mr. Madden's central thesis, which is unpersuasive for all the ingenuity with which it is stated, is really only a peg. Divorced from it, his short book becomes a shrewd and judicious study of Arnold's temperament and of the conflicts set up in a poetic nature by upbringing (Dr. Arnold) and the age (the social pressures of Victorianism). Arnold's poetic self was his "true self". Mr. Madden concludes. Its expression was inhibited by Arnold's "exposure to the powerful countervailing ethical and intellectual currents of his generation". This is not a new view, but it is a sensible one, fits the known facts well, and is accepted by most students of Arnold today.

Unlike several recent books on Arnold, Mr. Madden's ranges selectively in illustration over both the poetry and the prose. The treatment tends to be somewhat abstract, but it is the poetry that survives this treatment better. The framework which classifies Arnold's poems for discussion as "Poems of Nostalgia",

"Dialogue Poems", "Poems of Morality", and "Meta-Poems" has several points of superiority over the comparable structures manufactured recently by Dwight Culler and G. R. Slange. (None of them works perfectly.) The discussion of the prose is more compressed and at too high a level of generality to be truly satisfying.

Mr. Madden shows that "Arnold's rapprochement with the nineteenth-

century Zeitgeist was only partial", but he does so mainly by dealing with some of the less familiar *loci critici* in chapters forbiddingly entitled "Pure Reason: Analytic and Dialectic", "Ethical Reason: Stages of Growth", "Imaginative Reason: The Aesthetic Condition", &c. The good things are there, but they have to be searched for. Compression, abstract language, and the neglect of too much that is both familiar and important in our estimate of Arnold as a literary and social critic limit the availability of what is sound in these chapters—they are not for the general reader or undergraduate, but for the Arnold specialist. Specialists will want to question some of Mr. Madden's conclusions, but they will respect his sober grasp of broad critical issues, customary fairness in argument, and contempt for showiness (the last even at the risk of appearing something of a plodder).

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ARNOLD MINOR

New Zealand Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger. With further letters from Van Diemen's Land and Letters of Arthur Hugh Clough. 1847-1851. Edited by James Bertram. 257pp. Wellington: University of Auckland. London: Oxford University Press. 18s.

One of Tennyson's brothers described himself as "the most morbid of the Tennysons", and Tom Arnold, the second and favourite son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the original of the radical Philip Hewson in Clough's *The Bohemian of Popper-na-Uoich*, might have called himself with justice "the most quixotic of the Arnolds". An idealist with good looks, an awkward

better known members—which grew up on a mixed diet of Goethe, Carlyle, Newman, Emerson, and George Sand. The earliest letter (April 1847) is addressed from the College Office, where Tom was then working, and laments that "Our lot is cast in an evil time". The latest (September 14, 1851) exclaims from Hobs: "It is very difficult to imagine an 'Emperor' [Matthew Arnold] married" and announces to Clough the existence of the daughter who is to become Mrs. Humphry Ward.

There are nineteen letters covering the beginning of the story in England and the long voyage out to the Antipodes; thirty letters dealing with Tom's stay in New Zealand and the crossing of the Tasman sea to Australia; eleven letters from "Van Diemen's Land". The letters by Clough are not new, but they have not been given so completely before.

The letters to and from the family are published for the first time. An appendix contains the text from surviving incomplete copies of the three extraordinary "Equator Letters" to J. C. Shairp which Tom wrote while sailing to New Zealand. They describe in the third person for a kind of close friends the evolution of his religious and social ideas, and his feelings which had driven him toigrate.

The letters have been expertly edited. Misprints and errors in transcription are very few. The convenient annotation in the footnotes is both helpful and correct. The lively introduction by the editor and the notes on the letters and also describes succinctly Tom Arnold's subsequent career, which included two expeditions to Roman Catholicism, friendship with Newman, teaching in Oxford and at Dublin (where in 1880s Hopkins was Arnold's colleague at University College), illustrations include portraits of Tom, Clough, and Julia South, and a series of letters, and reproductions of contemporary drawings and paintings of the New Zealand and Tasmanian scene. The end-papers feature a map to enable us to follow Tom's journeys in the Wellington-Nelson district of New Zealand, a valuable set of notes on contemporary events, a chronology of the events of Tom's life, 1847-51, and an early index complete with the later Tasmanian letters (1851-5) have been preserved, perhaps the best will be a sequel to this collection. Professor Bertram is clearly the man to undertake it.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

These sixty letters, mainly written by Tom to his mother, three of his sisters and his friend A. H. Clough (but also including in reply ten letters by Clough and other letters from members of the family circle at Fox How), cover the period outlined. They will have a special interest for all concerned with the early history of the Victorian settlement of New Zealand and Tasmania, but they should also appeal strongly to anyone who is interested in the passionate early Victorian temper and the moods and aspirations of that distant Oxford generation—Matthew Arnold, Clough and J. A. Froude were among its

ward stammer and an eye steadily averted from the main chance, he shook off with Shelleyan impatience the dust of England in 1847 in the hope of discovering in New Zealand the liberty, equality and fraternity that he found so lacking at home. His main qualification as a prospective settler was his Oxford First in Greats, but he was hopelessly bought "a light plough and a pair of harrows", and kind friends loaded him with farewell presents including a gun, a saddle, an iron bedstead, a Dutch oven and a copy of Spinoza. (The last was Clough's gift, the editor tells us.) He landed briefly at Dunedin, moved to some land bought earlier by his father, moved again to Nelson to start a private school, then at the end of 1849 accepted an invitation to become a school-inspector in Van Diemen's Land. Within six months of his arrival at Hobart he was married to Julia South, the "belle of a small garrison society" and grand-daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the colony.

Powers

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Our bodies are the closed eyes of a single animal, Our states of mind so extreme they are the same. Like the arts, we lead each other new powers.

MICHAEL FRIED

Poetry

ODDLY ELEGANT

PATRICIA BEER: *Just Like the Resurrection.* 47pp. Macmillan. 21s.
ZULFIKAR GHOSE: *Jets from Orange.* 59pp. Macmillan. 21s.
JACK CLEMO: *Cactus on Carmel.* 52pp. Methuen. 15s.
ALAN BOLD: *To Find the New.* 64pp. Chatto and Windus. 18s.
ROSEMARY TONKS: *Mad of Broken Sentences.* 30pp. Bodley Head. 15s.

Patricia Beer's new book shows a steady but not startling development from her *Loss of the Magyar and the Survivors*. She has always been an impressive poet in a traditional degree mode, as in "The Gorilla" and "Death of a Nun" from *The Survivors*, eloquent and finely cadenced pieces, not at all afraid of fine phrases and sonority. Now she seems more prepared to risk lack of resonance for a more glancing effect, using a looser line and sometimes syllables. She can still have a weightier motif, as in "Lemmings" and "Lion Hunts", but she is much readier to allow room for the casual, the trivial, and the whimsical. In "Scratch-path" for example, she simply presents the notion, in nine apparently easy lines, that scratches—which are taken to be flaws in wood or skin—are the means whereby computers and brains do their work. Yet looked at more closely, these lines can be seen as neither wholly easy nor wholly casual: they carefully avoid moralizing (as was her practice, very successfully, in "The Gorilla"), but leave one with an unsaid area of speculation. When this sort of thing does not come off—as in "Foam: Cut to any size"—one is left with mere whimsy. But Miss Beer is a clever and elegant poet, usually quite in command of her odd insights and fancies.

The debate in Zulfiqar Ghose's poems is one between the sense of movement and the sense of roots—having them or needing them: "as if suspended mobility were my home". In "One Chooses a Language", he is aware of his rootlessness, his continual sense of being foreign. Seasons and landscapes (in France, England, India, Pakistan) are the settings of many of his poems with the restless movement of jets above giving him an image not only of his own feeling of transit but also a more universal one of transitoriness. These are honest, tentative poems, marked only by a too frequent sense of evasion, if not exhaustion. The language is not always sharp enough to catch and fix effectively the persistent cloudiness of mood. The little poem is fine, altogether more in focus than many of the others.

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

The debate in Zulfiqar Ghose's poems is one between the sense of movement and the sense of roots—having them or needing them: "as if suspended mobility were my home". In "One Chooses a Language", he is aware of his rootlessness, his continual sense of being foreign. Seasons and landscapes (in France, England, India, Pakistan) are the settings of many of his poems with the restless movement of jets above giving him an image not only of his own feeling of transit but also a more universal one of transitoriness. These are honest, tentative poems, marked only by a too frequent sense of evasion, if not exhaustion. The language is not always sharp enough to catch and fix effectively the persistent cloudiness of mood. The little poem is fine, altogether more in focus than many of the others.

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

Though guarded, Calvinist, confessional as ever, Jack Clemo's new book nevertheless shows a gentler and more affirmative spirit than was evident in *The Map of Clay*, which selected from his earlier work. There is a greater feeling of reconciliation with nature—physical and human—and a less searing confrontation of sexuality with "Thou shalt not".

SEAS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

JOHN MONTAGUE: *A Chosen Light.* 69pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.
THOMAS KINSSELLA: *Nightwalker.* 20pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. London: Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.
BRENDAN KENNELLY: *Good Souls, To Survive.* 61pp. Poems. Dublin: Allen Figgis. 21s.
EAVAN BOLAND: *New Territory.* 39pp. Dublin: Allen Figgis. 15s.
BRYN GRIFFITHS (Editor): *Welsh Voices.* 94pp. Dent. 12s. 6d.
JOHN STUART WILLIAMS: *Green Rain.* 51pp. Christopher Davies. 10s. 6d.

Much contemporary Irish and Welsh verse makes serious and patriotic attempts to come to terms with what Thomas Kinsella, in his new long poem *Nightwalker*, calls "the Sea of Disappointment". National identity is sapped by emigration and provincialism; economic necessity dictates courtesy to the foreign investor; even the famous landscapes are diminished by the tourists in their cars. The people in the poems tend to be recurrently—and understandably—ageing, sick or despairing. Resort to tradition and legend is nostalgic and defensive (among the *Welsh Poets*, see Herbert Williams on "the old tongue . . . and the old ways" and Peter Gruffydd praising the Eisteddfod). It is a poetry either of sadness or of unconvincing defiance. If there is little energy or optimism in it, its social message at least ought to be read with care.

John Montague's Ireland sometimes resembles R. S. Thomas's Wales: the same slightly aloof compassion about people and places, the same unhurried verse manner. The difference comes where Mr. Montague has begun, more recently, to blend elements of a Black Mountain technique with his restrained, conventional diction. An imagistic concentration on natural objects makes this a poetry of quiet surprises ("The Split Lyre", "The Lure").

The overall impression is one of a somewhat unexciting integrity, although Mr. Montague is still relapsing too often into the cadences of sensitive prose, and the posture is finally nostalgic. Ireland, like the donkey in "Time Out" and the old

stone oratory in "The Answer" will go on existing out of a kind of archaic obstinacy. Thomas Kinsella's meditations on Ireland in *Nightwalker* are not even as sanguine as that: but he is still not hitting the right note with his sometimes attractive, oblique talent. Short passages of skilful and disturbing imagery mingle here with obscure anecdotes and fables, prosy rhetoric, and some heavy

ALLEN & UNWIN

JOSEPH DAHMUS
Seven Medieval Kings
Biographies of Justinian, Emperor of Byzantium; Harun al-Rashid, caliph of Baghdad; Charlemagne; Henry II; Louis IX of France; Frederick II of Germany and Louis XI of France. Illustrated 42s.

YVES BOTTINEAU
Notre-Dame de Paris and the Sainte-Chapelle
Describes both the interior and exterior of the cathedral in great detail and in a fashion that makes the book invaluable to the visitor. 108 pages of monochrome illustrations. 4 coloured plates. 55s.

Translated by DEBEN BHATTACHARYA
Love Songs of Chandidas
Provides a rich sampling of the work of Chandidas in lucid, moving, English verse. Illustrated 40s.

THOMAS G. MASARYK
The Spirit of Russia
VOLUME III
Contains the long-promised study of Dostoevsky, an analysis of Tolstoy and other chapters on a variety of nineteenth-century Russian authors as well as discussions of many topics of Russian intellectual and cultural history. 50s.

R. A. SOWELEM
Towards Independence in a Developing Economy
An analysis of the monetary experience of the 'Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland' 1952-1963. The theme is of the adoption and initiation of financial institutions in a developing country, previously completely dependent on external financial centres and externally controlled financial institutions. 55s.

DAME EILEEN YOUNGHUSBAND
Social Work and Social Values
Will appeal especially to social workers, administrators, social work teachers and those who are becoming increasingly concerned about the whole question of value assumptions in social work. National Institute for Social Work training series. 35s.

JOYCE McKINNELL
The Minus Meat Cook Book
Certainly the liveliest book of its kind. It is aimed at all cooks be they budget conscious, unashamedly gourmet, vegetarian or die-hard meat eaters. 30s.

ALLEN & UNWIN

MACHINE AGE MORALIST

THOUGH THE SCIENTIFIC and artistic energies of American civilization are formidable, and though that civilization is, by dint of courteous rapacity and sheer hard work, becoming the custodian and archivist of western culture, it has not until now produced many distinctive spiritual types. There is that in the erosive buoyancy and publicity of American life which militates against the cultivation of idiosyncratic style, of a cast or stance of spirit salient enough to make for a recognizable persona. A personal style is hard to compose within and even harder to impress upon a mode of life so diffuse, so beautifully unresistant to the new.

But among the few genuine types that America has contributed to the repertoire of feeling that of the popular or populist sage, of the crackle-barrel Socrates, of the lofty or ribald annunciator of values—moral, national, cosmic—does stand out. We find it at precisely those places in which the diverse strains of the American tone, the puritanical and the lyric-prophetic, the homely and the crass, crystallize. It helps define Emerson and H. L. Mencken, Will Rogers and Thoreau. It is as crucial to the high flights of Walt Whitman as to the lapses of Mark Twain. At a low but wholly authentic level this style of vision informs the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Jimmy Durante; on a much higher plane it animates the public intimacies and histrionic clairvoyance of Paul Goodman and Norman Mailer. Watcher at the gate or monologist by the molasses barrel in the general store, votive bard or television humorist—there is a distinctive brand of American writers and "talkers" who carry on the tradition of the frontier publicist travelling the wide land with his grammar, recipe books, shreds of apocalypse and nostrums for spirit and bowels.

Mr. Lewis Mumford is very much of that tribe. Educated at City College in New York and at the New School for Social Research, both of which institutions have a lively commitment to political argument and the claims of the ideal, Mr. Mumford first intended to become an electrical engineer. He soon proceeded to other things but the sense of an almost manual grip on ideas, the insistent to take a system apart and rewire, has persisted in his work. As has an overriding interest in the technological aspects of human civilization. It is as an historian of the "machine age," as a moralist of the mechanical aspects of its impact on human experience that Lewis Mumford rose to prominence. He has always come back to the theme of his first major work, *Technics and Civilization* (1934). The titles of his principal books underline this constant focus: *The Culture of Cities* (1938); *The Condition of Man* (1944); *Art and Technics* (1952); *The Transformation of Man* (1956), and what is probably Mr. Mumford's masterpiece, *The City in History* (1961). Around these works of sociological analysis, architectural history and science humane cluster a series of pamphlets, some of book-length, monitions, pleas and philippics: In 1939, *Men Must Act*; the year after, *Path for Living*; *Values for Survival* in 1946; *The Conduct of Life* in 1951 and *In The Name of Sanity* three years later. Each of these could be a Tolstoyan title. Together they constitute an impassioned indictment of what Mr. Mumford takes to be the barbarism, economic idiocies, dehumanization and march toward mass-suicide of modern technological society. But the two branches of this deeply felt oeuvre must not be dissociated: at every point Mr. Mumford's aesthetic critique, or historical analysis, is at the express service of his didactic vision. At bottom only one thing matters—the struggle against "the nihilists and brutalists whose philosophy now dominates our age." Let the enemy stand forth:

If my emphasis on human wholeness and balance has awakened only scurrilous hostility in many fashionable minds today, that reaction neatly confirms the accuracy of my diagnosis. Whom does the watchman call to in the deepening night? "Only to those who are neither complacent, craven, nor corrupt." Rise ye Israelites, for if Much has been taken from us... much remains: and no knowledge is too bitter to be assimilated provided we have the courage to face our mistakes, the humility to change our minds, and the faith and fortitude needed to live through the present Time of Troubles.

Here is the characteristic note, at once Emersonian and revivalist. We glimpse the mocking radiance of the lost promised land; our sinews are bent toward the future. There is only in Mumford's opus—"each book a modifier and deepens the others"—there is contradiction such as Whitman prized, there is the harsh yet exultant monotone of the frontier sermon. Mr. Mumford is an angry man, but we are not at the very gates to a new blackness in which human beings will "become a passive, purposeless, machine-conditioned animal"? Cf. Emerson: "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." Everywhere, every one. The universal is a part of the distinctive inflexion. Amen, brother, and what say you?

The virtues and vices of this shamanistic approach are patent. Mr. Mumford is, splendidly, a generalist, a man who takes the whole for his province. Recipient of an R.I.B.A. Gold Medal for his life-long attention to architecture, he is also an ardent student of archaeology, history and biology. He has written on Erasmus and on Melville. He plunges with equal gusto into the tangled matter of the origins of language and into the question of the roots of political violence. At a time when specialization has achieved new heights of spindrift absurdity, when the academic is almost synonymous with smug parochialism, Mr. Mumford brings to a wide range of disciplines the authority of intense concern, the expertise of humane-ness. Inevitably this entails the danger of oversimplification, of patches where homework has not been done rigorously, where recent scholarship goes unnoticed. In *The Myth of the Machine* such patches are, unfortunately, somewhat obtrusive.

an account of prehistoric, indeed "pre-verbal" man, of man's self-creation through his discovery of speech and symbol, lies at the base of Mr. Mumford's argument. Here almost all is conjecture, but the particular conjectures offered do not always carry weight. The great cultural implosion that took place around the Fourth Millennium B.C. is a shaky notion, if only in view of recent archaeological work in the Balkans and Asia Minor. What real evidence can there be for Mr. Mumford's proposal that "sentient creatures of any order, even the lowly amoeba, seem to be extremely rare and precious culminations of the whole cosmic process"? The distribution of planetary systems even in our immediate cosmological neighbourhood as well as powerful statistical considerations point exactly the other way.

"Beside the achievement of consciousness in a single being," writes Mr. Mumford, the hugest star count for less than a cretinous dwarf." Even allowing for the unfortunate linguistic *glissando*—lurking in Mr. Mumford's mind are the kind of anthropomorphic burrah to which it is difficult to attach any real meaning. How much insight is gained from the formulation, "the aristocratic youth of Athens learned about life from the old stone-cutter, named Socrates"? Nor is one altogether reassured by Mr. Mumford's handling of recent concepts in cultural anthropology and game theory. Too often and this is of course a failing inherent in the very strength and clarity of this book, the metaphor through which an exact science translates its outlook to the layman is taken for the substantive fact.

But these are cavils (worth making, perhaps, only because of Mr. Mumford's own asstringent judgments of such work as Robert Ardrey's or Marshall McLuhan's). More disturbing is the fact that two of the main theses in *The Myth of the Machine*, two of the primary lines of argument and their development, are derivative and that their derivation is in no way acknowledged. "The light of human consciousness is, so far, the ultimate wonder of life, and the main justification for all the suffering and misery that have accompanied human development." History, urges Mr. Mumford, is evolving consciousness, dialectical self-awareness. "The critical moment," I suggest, was man's discovery of his own nature."

It would be absurd to accuse Mr. Mumford of plagiarism—even unconscious. What seems to be the case is that his omnivorous, passionate reading, the generosity of interest he brings to all fields, have caused him to absorb crucial ideas and then reproduce them as if novel. This is a vital, legitimate part of *homo vulgaris*. The trouble in the present instance is that matters get simplified and smoothed down in a general tide of rhetorical energy. Wittfogel fully anticipates Mr. Mumford's insights into the essentially technological basis and venture of the totalitarian state, into the political industrialization of human relations in a technocracy. But he is too acute a sociologist, too finely attuned to the tenuous complexity of the facts to allow the naive conclusion:

If Western man could establish an immunity against random extermination, our society would enjoy a far more effective safeguard against both violent and still impending nuclear horrors than the United Nations or the fallible mechanisms of Pail-Safe. Similarly it is Hegel's grasp of the complication of the phenomenon of consciousness which leads to that very crux avoided by Mr. Mumford. The whole damnable point is this: mechanistic criteria of human progress may be folly, the pursuit of the technological eldorado may indeed spell the end of the human community. But these forces, these grave threats, are no less a product of human sensibility, of human design and symbolic projection than are the ideals of art, brotherhood and spontaneity which Mr. Mumford so rightly and nobly propounds. The constructs for violence, the widespread acquiescence in political repression which this book deplores are themselves aspects of the evolution and potential of man's consciousness. Like so much of the current liberal position Mr. Mumford's argument overlooks the declares its outlook to the layman is taken for the substantive fact.

But these are cavils (worth making, perhaps, only because of Mr. Mumford's own asstringent judgments of such work as Robert Ardrey's or Marshall McLuhan's). More disturbing is the fact that two of the main theses in *The Myth of the Machine*, two of the primary lines of argument and their development, are derivative and that their derivation is in no way acknowledged. "The light of human consciousness is, so far, the ultimate wonder of life, and the main justification for all the suffering and misery that have accompanied human development." History, urges Mr. Mumford, is evolving consciousness, dialectical self-awareness. "The critical moment," I suggest, was man's discovery of his own nature."

for man because the Pentagon and the Kremlin have "already nearly set the fuse" for our technological apocalypse. The myths of exterior menace on which despotism feeds are but "only today has a President dared to take an emergency order to sanction his power and politically judgment and his inhumane act in Vietnam." United States policy in Asia sums up the necessary concomitant of technological empire: "an imposed, unprovoked, terrorized, poisoned and roasted alive in a futile attempt to make the power fantasies of the American military-industrial scientific elite 'credible'."

United States policy at home exemplifies the madness of technology in a voyage to the moon than in the urban *amoeba*. Everywhere in that self-imprisoned bureaucracy of scientific life which now plays so large a role in American affairs, brain is divorced from human imagination, speech from the numinous wonder of the world. What has man wrought of "communication, communication, and cooperation"? What, in particular, has *homo americanus* made of that edenic second chance given to him by history? Where, now, can we hear Whitman's "song of the self"? Not in the soap-suds synopses which croon out of every aperture of American consumer life.

The present twist of anguish in both foreign and domestic policy has pulled into a single knot the many rich strands of Mr. Mumford's life-long interests and apprehensions. His head is bowed. He thinks on and on. Too many peasants fight, they know what they do. Too many home-steads in black are too many.

Though garrulous and repetitive though inclined to simplify what is intractable in human affairs (his utopian reflex being itself deeply American), Mr. Mumford is one of the most needed of the lineage of free feeling, if it Emersonian notes are to survive, to be quickened in a great, and last.

Duckworth Books

To Tell The Truth

POEMS BY PAUL ROCHE

"For me," writes the author, "poetry is language in which truth of words, whether of perception or image, is made stirring by patterns of rhythm and sound. One of the hallmarks of poetry is a certain immediacy of impact, a pleasure and of recognition."

Mr. Roche's first collection *Things Considered* (1966) now adds a substantial prize awards from the Poetry Societies of both Great Britain and America. This second book concentrates again on those of his poems which can be effectively read aloud; and it includes some lively experiments in pure sound, also a post-Eliot *Ten Deum* for Alfred Prufrock, an invocation celebrating the coming triumph of modern man over the frustration and despair of his age.

Flora Robson and Paul Roche will read from this new volume at the Purcell Room, Festival Hall, 7.30 on Sunday, Nov. 19.

St. Bejeman Songs

MERVYN HORDER
Simple settings for medium voice and piano of 'In Westminster Abbey', 'How to Get On in Society', 'Westgate-on-Sea', 'The Church Restoration', 'Caprice', and 'Joan Hunter-Dunn'. With notes, etc. by Osbert Lancaster. Ordinary Edition, 10s. Threadbare Library Edition, 15s.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
Thursday November 9 1967
01-236 3000

POLITIKUM

After the era of the great actor-managers, we are now evidently in the middle of the "managers' theatre": Stanislavsky, Piscator, Brecht—the point need not be elaborated. The play is no longer the thing; it is what producer and director make of it that counts. The phase is perhaps inevitable, until a new working partnership between playwright, actor and producer is established in the theatre where individual contributions can, and need, no longer be distinguished.

The only surprising thing is that authors connive. Shakespeare, being no longer alive in the flesh, was unable to object when, at the Piccolo Theatre in Milan, his Henry VI plays were turned into *Il Genco del Potenti* (The Power Game) which pitted Lords and People against each other in merciless class struggle. But living playwrights, too, are rarely heard to raise their voices when their most valued scenes, even their meaning and intention, go by the board in production or are turned into the opposite; indeed, they tend more and more to play the managers' game. The original manuscript of Herr Hochhuth's sensational *Der Stellvertreter* (The Representative) is said to be a wad of more than 1,000 folio pages; in the closely printed book the play still fills 212 pages.

It was clear from the outset that, unless an audience could be found ready to sit through a performance three times the length of the Oberammergau Passion play for the opposite purpose, it all depended on what a given theatre was prepared to leave in or take out.

Now that Herr Hochhuth has succumbed to the temptation of trying to repeat his *succès de scandale*, the situation is very much the same. The German text of *Soldaten*, which is at last available in print after all the publicity and controversy that has preceded it, again fills 192 densely set pages (Hamburg: Rowohlt Verlag, DM. 9.80). Certain minimum cuts for stage performance are this time indicated in square brackets, but the whole work still cannot remotely be performed as it stands. Each producer, each director must take his choice which chunks he wants to put on.

In the raw material for the theatre which the author has thus provided, everything is there that we have heard of, and in no uncertain terms: the bombing of Dresden, the "murder" of Sikorski, each one of Churchill's little foibles and big crimes, but also, if you want, something of his grandeur. Whatever one may think of all this as history, as drama it is embryonic. The first question that occurs is not whether Herr Hochhuth has written a good or a bad play, but whether he has written a play at all. Schiller, with whom he is assiduously equated in his native country, possessed at any rate the two prime qualities of the dramatist: the capacity to seize and mould a plot without letting it slide from his grip, and dialogue which, if often over-theatrical, is always bold and, at its best, powerful. On reading *Soldaten* it is necessary to labour not merely against the utter implausibility of what is being said by real characters that are still fresh in the mind, but also against the platitudinous language in which they express themselves on the most crucial occasions: the constant italicizing of words for emphasis does not make up for the heavy-handed way in which the laboured story is being carried forward.

Still, despite all this, and the natural irritation caused by grotesque distortions, it is impossible to overlook the obvious truth: that so much of the history which Churchill offers a phenomenal part for an actor. Nor, though Lord Acton has said in nine words what Herr Hochhuth now pretends to document in almost 100,000, is the conflict here at stake a trivial one. More than one excellent play has already been made from the tragic experience that:

Who meant to remove the rock
Out of the slimy mud
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood.

Maybe there is such a morality for our time buried somewhere in Herr Hochhuth's text and someone will dig it out. For all we know, though, it certainly does not meet the eye readily from the printed page, Sir Laurence Olivier and Kenneth Tynan may have discovered it. The author himself has been heard to explain that, having set out to write a play against war and those whom he thought responsible for some of its atrocities, his negative hero ended by winning him over despite himself. Maybe, but we are not concerned with what he intended, but with what he wrote. And what he has written is more likely to be presented on the stage and interpreted as a large-scale whitewashing operation. Herr Hochhuth will not be able to object if the audience, not only in Germany, will chiefly note from it that the worst of Hitler's ravings were not a whit more evil than the bedroom conversations between Churchill and his advisers, and recognize with glee that the perfidious English were not better than the worst of the Germans. The hope that he can escape responsibility for his terrible over-simplifications by designedly leaving details of structure and balance, even the exact emphasis of his "tragedy", to be worked out in the theatre, is vain.

phenomenal part for an actor. Nor, though Lord Acton has said in nine words what Herr Hochhuth now pretends to document in almost 100,000, is the conflict here at stake a trivial one. More than one excellent play has already been made from the tragic experience that:

Who meant to remove the rock
Out of the slimy mud
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood.

Maybe there is such a morality for our time buried somewhere in Herr Hochhuth's text and someone will dig it out. For all we know, though, it certainly does not meet the eye readily from the printed page, Sir Laurence Olivier and Kenneth Tynan may have discovered it.

The author himself has been heard to explain that, having set out to write a play against war and those whom he thought responsible for some of its atrocities, his negative hero ended by winning him over despite himself. Maybe, but we are not concerned with what he intended, but with what he wrote. And what he has written is more likely to be presented on the stage and interpreted as a large-scale whitewashing operation. Herr Hochhuth will not be able to object if the audience, not only in Germany, will chiefly note from it that the worst of Hitler's ravings were not a whit more evil than the bedroom conversations between Churchill and his advisers, and recognize with glee that the perfidious English were not better than the worst of the Germans. The hope that he can escape responsibility for his terrible over-simplifications by designedly leaving details of structure and balance, even the exact emphasis of his "tragedy", to be worked out in the theatre, is vain.

No more than *Der Stellvertreter* does *Soldaten* invite judgment as a work of art; it is what Germans like to call a *Politikum*. And as such a fact on the political scene, small perhaps, but not insignificant, it cannot be ignored; it should be seen. Meanwhile, an English translation of *Soldaten* must already exist. Let it be printed here without delay and as it stands, not specially doctored with an eye to what one suspects, perhaps unfairly, to loom large in ventures such as this—the Market.

LEON EDEL
Department of English, New York University, Washington Square College of Arts and Science, Washington Square, New York, N.Y. 10003.
* Dan Jacobson writes:—Professor Edel has grossly misread what I wrote. The particular sentence which he uses as a text for his indignation specifically repudiates the notions which he attributes to me: that modern writers have simply been misled by Joyce and James and that all would be well if they returned to the ways of their great-grandfathers. Apparently it would have been Professor Edel's great deal if a silent "not" in that sentence had been printed in italics or capital letters. Other readers, I believe, will have had less difficulty in seeing it.

Letters to the Editor

ARTHUR WALEY'S MSS.

Sir,—To complete the story made possible by Mrs. Waley's letter and your comment on it last week (November 2), I should like to know that Dr. Waley left all "personal manuscripts, memoranda, diaries, and manuscript writings in [his] possession at the time of [his] death" to me, but that subsequently, on learning that the vast majority of his personal manuscripts and notes were made over my right to them to Mrs. Waley in order that she might have *locus standi* in the steps she was taking to recover them.

I have not renounced my obligation to make full use of whatever documents may ultimately be entrusted to my care. I made over my right to them to Mrs. Waley in order that she might have *locus standi* in the steps she was taking to recover them.

DAVID HAWKES
59 Bedford Street, Ilford Road, Oxford.

RED LETTER DAY FOR THE CENTRAL OFFICE

Sir,—A dog who gets a bad name is liable to sit stick, but J. D. Gregory must be defended from the charge of your reviewer of *The Zinoviev Letter* (November 2) that he brushed aside every suspicion of the letter's authorship. The evidence is collected in the *British Party System*, second edition, Vol. 2, pp. 18-19, pp. 328-334) is that Gregory did not believe in the authenticity of the letter, and expressed his misgivings to a colleague; and was overruled by his superiors; and for that reason he signed and circulated the letter. The reviewer, however, states that the draft had not been initiated by Maclean. The responsibility for the action taken by the Foreign Office is with Eyre Crowe, and Eyre Crowe alone. The reason why Mr. Thurn (so spelled) obtained in 1928 (if this is established) part of the money which he had failed to obtain in 1925 from the Central Office is that in the meantime Sir Joseph Ball had become an official of the Central Office. If anyone wishes to solve the still unresolved problems of the Zinoviev letter, my instinct would be to look

in the direction of Sir Joseph Ball, who had formerly served in the counter-espionage section of the secret service. Mr. Robert Blake recently drew attention to the absence of a life of Ball as one of the lacunae in political biography; but I should be surprised if he committed himself to durable paper on the subject of the Zinoviev letter.

IVOR BULMER-THOMAS
12 Edwards Square, London, W.8.

MUFFLED MAJESTY

Sir,—Dan Jacobson in his article "Muffled Majesty" (October 26) commits a gross illogicality in blaming influential writers for their influence and for the vagaries of their disciples. He is entitled to dislike subjective fiction; but it is sheer nonsense to say that modern writers have been "misled" by Joyce or James and that they should return "to the ways of their great-grandfathers and all will be well." All will not be well, as anyone who has read some of our *crème* novelist knows. *Erzatz* Sterne is as bad as *crème* Joyce. In art there can only be *laissez-faire*. If Mr. Jacobson feels he has to flit blame somewhere he might focus on the ways in which fictional theory is taught in the Academy as if it were holy scripture. Surely Joyce or Proust or Mrs. Woolf or Henry James, to whom we owe great riches in perception and analysis, deserve no blame either in the ways in which they have been interpreted or in the manner in which they have been imitated.

LEON EDEL
Department of English, New York University, Washington Square College of Arts and Science, Washington Square, New York, N.Y. 10003.

* Dan Jacobson writes:—Professor Edel has grossly misread what I wrote. The particular sentence which he uses as a text for his indignation specifically repudiates the notions which he attributes to me: that modern writers have simply been misled by Joyce and James and that all would be well if they returned to the ways of their great-grandfathers. Apparently it would have been Professor Edel's great deal if a silent "not" in that sentence had been printed in italics or capital letters. Other readers, I believe, will have had less difficulty in seeing it.

As for the general point his letter raises: influential writers are, by definition, those who influence others. Sometimes they will influence them for the better; sometimes for the worse. Discussing an example of the second kind of influence is not at all the same thing as blaming a writer for the vagaries of his disciples.

EMMA

Sir,—The answer to the "well known" charade in *Emma* (November 2) is "Woman" or the syllable "Woe", second syllable "Man".

F. J. A. CRUSO
The Old Vicarage, Bury, near Pulborough, Sussex.

* We have received many other letters offering the same solution.

REMEMBERING LENIN

Sir,—There is something busily unattractive about quibbling over a critic's analysis of a particular book but the recent (October 19) review of *Lenin: The Man, The Theorist, The Leader* (edited by Leonard Shapiro and Peter Reddaway) demands comment. *TLS* criticism centres on two points: (a) that many of the contributors reflect anti-Leninist bias, consequently slighting his greatness, and (b) that the book fails to portray sympathetically the Soviet historical achievements in the light of fifty years of Communist rule. Both points are essentially accurate; the first, however, is misleading and the second irrelevant.

It is impossible for any scholar of Soviet affairs to hold a neutral view of Lenin. The vast majority if not all the contributors in the volume under discussion are of the opinion that the political philosophy of the founder of the Soviet state. But this does not mean that the essays they have produced represent one-sided polemics. In fact, the impression one gets is that of humanitarianism like Leonard Shapiro painfully bending over backwards to acknowledge that despite his tragic flaws Lenin possessed many powerful and admirable qualities. The Editor, however, in his political opinion, the authors implicitly affirm it. Why else would they have written their essays? What the contributors refuse to do is embrace a sanguine view of the consequences of Lenin's revolution. The reason for their attitude is simply and dramatically that all the implications of terror and single-party rule emanate directly from Lenin's doctrine. They mirror rather than contradict his complicated personality.

The reviewer, however, somehow seems affronted that the contributors have not related fifty years of Soviet historical achievements to an assessment of the man Lenin. What he fails to understand is that an appraisal of Soviet accomplishments was simply not intended. It was outside the scope of the work. Instead, as the title indicates, the authors set for themselves the not altogether modest task of analysing Lenin as an individual personality, as a political philosopher, as a leader of men. With respect to this purpose, it is difficult to

conclude anything except that the book is the most subtle and perceptive collection of essays yet published in English. JAMES A. LEACH, JR.
21 Sidney Street, London, S.W.3.

* Our reviewer writes:—I am puzzled by your correspondent's view that an assessment of Lenin "as an individual personality as a political philosopher, as a leader of men" can be separated from "an appraisal of Soviet accomplishments". What several contributors to this volume did was to hold Lenin responsible for the "tragic flaws" of the revolution and to ignore his responsibility for the positive achievements: this inevitably produced the one-sided picture of the man and his work of which I complained.

HEFTILY HISTORICAL

Sir,—Please allow a Bourbonist to stand up for an anti-Bourbonist. As a prolific writer on many subjects Anna Banti (see *TLS*, September 28) is extremely well known in Italy, and she deserves to be better known in England. True, she is a serious and not a comic writer. *Le donne modeste* has become a minor classic and *Arenaria* won the plaudits of Bernard Berenson. *Not credendano* is based on the authentic papers of her grandfather, who was imprisoned for subversive activities under the Bourbons of Naples, so that Anna Banti's "homework" was, in a sense, already done for her. She did not need to mug up her history as your reviewer has unfairly suggested. Whether it was her intention or not, *Not credendano* struck me as a profound parable for the young communist intellectuals of today, doomed to disillusion, frustration and despair. As such it seemed to me courageous and original, a novel of unusual value.

HAROLD ACTON.

Villa La Pietra, Florence.

* Our reviewer writes:—This is one of those cases in which it seems pointless to argue: it is all a matter of opinion, not of fact. Certainly Anna Banti is a serious writer, and I cannot prove, but can only hint, that her work is also solemn, hefty and long-winded. The fact that she is not published in this country, in spite of the great interest in Italian writing and indeed in most things Italian, seems to suggest that British publishers may feel as I do. I suppose it could be said that *Not credendano* has something to say to present-day Marxists, but the sense that liberal dress turns sour, high hopes fade, the idealist is always defeated by circumstances and human nature, &c. &c.—but the lesson is a general one and wrapped up in so much verbiage that it loses its force. It seems a pity, though, that the Italian publishers did not mention the fact that it was based on the experiences of Anna Banti's grandfather, as these biographical points rightly or wrongly do much to enliven a dull book.

HISTORIAN OF CRISIS

Sir,—In his letter to the editor (November 2) Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas takes exception to this statement in your review of Professor Trevor-Roper's *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change* (October 19): "Polemical cosmology was a product of a certain social and cultural background; so much is truistic." Mr. Bulmer-Thomas suggests that Ptolemy's cosmology "was the product of strictly scientific arguments and nothing else."

If Mr. Bulmer-Thomas were right the work of historians of science would be less difficult than it is. The cosmology of Ptolemy or for that matter the cosmology of Copernicus or Kepler or Galileo or Descartes or Newton, rests not only on "scientific arguments" but also on assumptions about epistemology, the nature of matter, motion and space, natural laws, and the role of the Divine in the workings of the universe. These were philosophical and theological issues as much as they were scientific ones. The development of the science does not take place in isolation but rather in the context of the intellectual, economic and social life of the time. If the historian of science does not take this into account, work may be wrong or historically irrelevant. Of course he must also consider the science in the scientific sense. The reviewer recognizes this, for he says that Ptolemy's cosmological system "had an internal logic and a theoretical coherence of its own which cannot be explained in terms simply of its genesis and duration." Mr. Bulmer-Thomas's failure to quote this statement, which follows closely on the one he criticizes, distorts the reviewer's brief but judicious remarks about Ptolemaic cosmology.

HAROLD FRUCHTBAUM.

Clare Hall, Cambridge.

LORD READING

Sir,—Your reviewer of Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde's book *Lord Reading* (November 2) states that Rufus Isaacs was the first commoner since the Duke of Wellington to be promoted to the rank of marquess. Rufus Isaacs was created Marquess of Reading in 1922. George Nathaniel Curzon was created Marquess Curzon of Kedleston in 1921. K. GRAHAM THOMSON.
14 The Green, Bexley Heath, Kent.

(Other letters are on page 1069)



The Colonel's Photograph

by Eugene Ionesco

Ionesco's most important short stories, from which many of his plays originated, followed by a personal diary written for the most part in 1939. Translated by Jean Stewart, with the exception of *The Straller in the Air*, translated by John Russell. 25s.

The Quicksand War

prelude to Vietnam

by Lucien Bodard

An eye-witness account of the crucial years 1946-1950 in French Indo-China. Bodard's book is an unrivalled political history of this period, and it also gives a very vivid picture of Vietnamese society and of the Vietnamese people. Translated by Patrick O'Brian. 45s.

Political Mobilization

by J. P. Nettl

"A brilliant comparative study of political mobilization — 'the process by which people in any society are made aware of what they have in common, and in what way they are different from others.'... A masterpiece." — *THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT*. With 8 diagrams. Society Today and Tomorrow. 63s.

History by the Highway

by M. D. Anderson

Miss Anderson suggests new ways of looking at the ordinary sights of the countryside in order to recognize their associations with the past, and their relation to modern developments. With 32 pages and a map. 30s.

Cicero on Moral Obligation

by John Higginbotham

A new translation of Cicero's *De Officiis*, with an introduction and notes on the many historical and philosophical personages to whom Cicero refers. "In view of its historical importance, it is good to have it available in Mr. Higginbotham's scholarly and very readable translation." — A. B. ARMSTRONG, *THE TABLET*. 30s.

Faber & Faber

Batsford

The Trial of QUEEN CAROLINE

Roger Fulford

In recounting the details of this dramatic and momentous trial, Roger Fulford vividly recaptures the scandals and drama—political and personal—behind the ordeal of the consort of George IV.

NAPOLEON as Military Commander

James Marshall-Cornwall

The outstanding clarity of writing of General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall together with an unusually complete set of maps add greatly to the value of this book which portrays Napoleon essentially as a military commander.

Odds Against ERNEST MARVIN

A vivid account of the effort of one club to meet the need of a difficult district. It is a book that should be read not only by every-one concerned with youth clubs, but by anyone who wishes to understand our new civilisation. It will probably shock the reader; it should also leave him thinking that Mr. Marvin's attitude to religion and life is of first-class importance.

Christ the Representative

DOROTHEE SOLLE

Dorothee Solle has written a fascinating and tantalizing study of the doctrine of the Alogement in the "Death of God" idiom.

Ultimate Concern

HAUL TILICH

Many people who are unfamiliar with H. Tilich will find this book to be the most accessible and attractive introduction to his work.

S.O.M. PRESS

Literature

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

J. H. MATTHEWS: *Surrealism and the Novel*. 198pp. University of Michigan Press. London: Cresset Press. 35s.

The author of this "first full-length study of surrealism's impact on fiction" (blurb) chooses to preface each chapter with an irrelevant quotation from Lewis Carroll: a minor but tell-tale symptom of a casual approach limited apparently to addressing an audience equipped with the "eager eye and willing ear, pleased a simple tale to hear" evoked in the *enrol to Alire Through the Looking Glass*. Unfortunately, the relationship between surrealism and the novel is far from being a simple tale, though Mr. Matthews's thesis is marvellously ingenious: reduced ruthlessly, but not unfairly, to its bare essentials, it is that the origins of the "surrealist novel" can be adequately determined by considering briefly two "Gothic" novels (M. G. Lewis's *The Monk* and Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*), one novel by J. K. Huysmans (*En Route*) and one by Raymond Roussel (*Impressions d'Afrique*); that the "surrealist novel" itself can be adequately summarized by a series of commentaries on a random choice of works by René Crevel, Robert Desnos, Giorgio de Chirico, Julien Gracq, Michel Leiris, Maurice Fourné and two younger writers, Joyce Mansour and Alain Jouffroy; and, finally, that adequate guidance to the surrealist attitude to the novel can be gleaned from the first Surrealist Manifesto, written by André Breton in 1924.

To start with, the idea that there exists such a thing as a surrealist "approach" to the novel is based upon a misapprehension of surrealism's (i.e. André Breton's) intentions, which were basically to "transform society" on the social and spiritual levels by a revolutionary reappraisal of attitudes of thought, involving the liberation of the imagination from the dictates of reason. Any artistic or literary aesthetic was conceived as a temporary expedient, and adapted to the needs of the moment and the particular talents of the writer or artist who was to be assimilated into the movement.

Although Breton came close to writing an episodic novel with *Nadja* and produced a considerable amount of poetry of rather uneven quality, he was mainly an inspired polemical essayist and a superb preface writer, remaining throughout his life as insensitive to the art of fiction as such as he was to the art of music. This fact is a measure of Mr. Matthews's unwisdom in seeking to derive a view of the "surrealist novel" from Breton's own comments.

The fatal development of this error is in imagining that "when seeking a point of departure, we have no alternative but to refer to the first surrealist manifesto"; for Breton's 1924 manifesto would, in any case, be an inadequate guide to surrealism's later attitudes, for the good reason that it is essentially a *datist* document, in which the word "surrealism" is given official currency for the first time but which remains almost entirely uninformative, in the best *datist* tradition. Painting is mentioned only in a laconic footnote, and literature is splendidly summed up by the statement that "bon nombre de poètes pourrissent pour les surréalistes, à commencer par Dante et, dans ses meilleurs jours, Shakespeare". An ill-considered automatism was advocated, based vaguely on the theories of the nineteenth-century philosophers Taine (*De l'intelligence*) and Alfred Maury (*La Souffrance et les rêves*), together with the late psychological theories of Freud and Rorschach. In any event, this initially careless attitude did not last very long and the surrealist poets and artists soon tired of their experiments in automatic writing and drawing. What remained as perhaps surrealism's sole fixed precept in relation to literature was a hatred of *raison* and a consequent approval of any means which might deny reason and exalt everything that was irrational and hallucinatory.

Within such a permissive frame, Mr. Matthews, of course, too difficult to captivate, a few surrealist "before their time" or to discover "surrealist tendencies" in contemporary writers. But Mr. Matthews does not accomplish even this task persuasively. It is reasonable enough to commence with a discussion of "Monk" Lewis's turgid horror novel if only because of Breton's inordinate and reiterated admiration for the passionate Ambrosio and the seductive Matilda (an admiration shared by Antonin Artaud, who even went so far as to make a free translation of *The Monk* into French), but instead of an analysis of the "Gothic school", of which a far more interesting member was the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin, the author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, the reader is treated to a ludicrously earnest reiteration of the opinions of that harmless eccentric, the late Montague Summers!

Mr. Matthews's choice of Huysmans as a second precursor of surrealism might possibly have been justifiable if he had examined Huysmans's most famous novel, *A Rebours*, that superb repository of *fin de siècle* French Decadence, or the later study of diabolism, *La Bas*, but instead he chooses to consider a tedious intermediate novel, *En Route*, on the rather slender grounds that it contains dream sequences. Suspicion that this particular chapter is based upon an independent essay is confirmed by the notes at the end of the book.

Raymond Roussel's complex linguistic experiments are, of course, of primary importance in any study of the development of the modern French novel, and his fundamental works, the novel *Impressions d'Afrique* and the long poem *Non-vues impressions d'Afrique*, are as much admired today by Alain Robbe-Grillet (for example) as they were by the surrealists forty years previously. The surrealists were understandably intrigued by Roussel's fantastic and apparently arbitrary images, but the author is less than helpful to the reader when he admits to starting the surrealists' conviction that Roussel's work remains "ultimately inexplicable", since Jean Ferry devoted his 1953 *Etude sur Raymond Roussel* to a meticulous evaluation of Roussel's methods in *Non-vues impressions*, and has recently published a similar "guide" (entitled *L'Afrique des impressions*) to *Impressions d'Afrique*.

The second part of *Surrealism and the Novel*, devoted to the work of more recent writers, is also of limited value. The initial choice of Crevel's *Babylone* is baffling, the more so in that the author admits in his apologetic "Conclusion" that *Babylone* is vernacular, the increasing Latinization of the language, the adoption of classical or supposedly classical standards in the theatre and, rather tentatively and shakily, in verse. *Enfin*, as they say of that guest who came to dinner, *Maherba* *whit*.

On all this Professor Wiley is very good, and there are excellent chapters, with good illustrations, on the French formal garden and on that characteristic military or purely ceremonial exercise, the *entrée*. As a book on its narrow ground of subjects, Professor Wiley is well worth the study of undergraduates here and may suggest fruitful reflection to the British general reader. It seems odd that a leading academic institution should encourage or, one fears, possibly even demand such informality in the choice of titles for its books.

The first two volumes of A. Ciaronese, *Bibliographie de la littérature française du dix-septième siècle* were reviewed in *TLS* on July 13, 1967. Editions du Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, Paris, have now published the third and final volume (pages 151 to 2231: 100 francs). It covers the letters N to Z and includes five very valuable

main a matter of personal opinion, but if he thought it necessary to incorporate the literary emulations of surrealism he would certainly have been better employed in examining a genuine novel which is a good deal better than Mlle. Mansour has attempted. *L'Histoire d'O* by Pauline Réage, a pen-name which conceals the identity of a distinguished surrealist writer.

Maurice Fourné's *The de-Nigro* written at the age of seventy-three is the last in a series of three novels of which Breton published the first and best known, *La Nuit du Roi-Hôtel*, in 1949, in his short-lived project to edit a new literary series for Gallimard (only the Fourné novel ever appeared). The diffuse and rather coy dream atmosphere, with its hints of mystical allegory, which permeates these rambling narratives makes the late M. Fourné an authentic exponent of "naïve surrealism", and Breton's comment in his introduction to *La Nuit du Roi-Hôtel* that the keys which would have to be brought into play in order to penetrate Fourné's message do not hang from every bunch is a mild understatement.

Finally, Alain Jouffroy's *Un plus long que la nuit* (1963) is the first novel of an art critic and poet. It is not easy to understand the justification for the inclusion of this rather banal and melodramatic account of a spiritual ménage à trois. Jouffroy ends his brief jacket note on the novel with the refreshingly frank remark that it is a book which he is most embarrassed to have written.

Mr. Matthews, too, is becoming modest in his "Conclusion" expressing appropriate feelings of regret and even of discomfort at the inadequacies of his choice of texts. Where, indeed, is *Artaud's Paysan de Paris*, Soupeval's *Le Apôtre*, Daumal's *Grande horreur*, Michaux's *Plume*, Péguy de Mardieu's *Feu de braise*...? Mr. Matthews continues his apology by mentioning "the inevitable criticism which anyone in these days paid to surrealism with any degree of seriousness must bring down on its head". Not so! Mr. Matthews merits censure precisely for not taking surrealism with a sufficient degree of seriousness. Or perhaps not heading *Nadja*'s warning that "la vie est autre chose que ce qu'on écrit".

ON PARADE

W. L. WILEY: *The Formal French*. 317pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 14s.

If Professor Wiley's book fulfilled the wide generality of its title and the promises made on the jacket it would be perfectly useless to a British reader. To an American observer most European institutions must appear formal, and many British ones are more formal than their French counterparts, as Frenchmen are painfully or happily aware. This applies not only to the trappings of monarchy and the peerage but, for example, to at least the older English and Scottish universities, and even more conspicuously, to the proceedings in our law courts; it is universally recognized that for at least a century we have put on the best military parades, whether with pipe or with trumpet and file, and the march-discipline even of our common infantry is unequalled. Professor Wiley, from the fastnesses of North Carolina, is in no position to make comparisons. Nor are many Englishmen, Frenchmen or other Europeans.

Professor Wiley's subject is, however, nothing like so broad. His book should have been given some such title as "French Formality in the Seventeenth Century", though it dips back into the sixteenth and looks forward to the eighteenth century. It is mainly concerned with literature, with references to painting, sculpture and architecture.

The first two volumes of A. Ciaronese, *Bibliographie de la littérature française du dix-septième siècle* were reviewed in *TLS* on July 13, 1967. Editions du Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, Paris, have now published the third and final volume (pages 151 to 2231: 100 francs). It covers the letters N to Z and includes five very valuable

THE SECRET MINUTES OF DR. GOEBBELS

By Sefton Delmer

ON MAY 25, 1940, Hitler's Blitz offensive against his western neighbours was just fifteen days old.

In the Reich Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin that morning Dr. Goebbels was ensconced in his well-stuffed high-backed leather armchair, presiding at the daily eleven o'clock meeting with his departmental chiefs. They sat grouped around him at a long, low-shoe table drinking in his hands with the devoutness of disciples at the feet of their master.

Goebbels had already ordered that:

(1) "Daddy Dugout" generals of the First World War should no longer be allowed to expound their views on the military situation publicly as they were out of date in their military thinking;

(2) The "secret radios" (German-operated programmes disguised to sound to French ears like French clandestine transmitters broadcasting in defiance of the French government) should try to stampede the French public still further, call on French workers to down tools and leave their factories, and announce that France's war on behalf of the British had already cost between 700,000 and 800,000 French lives;

(3) Herr Hans Fritzsche, in charge of the German press, should have at least one editor of the Berlin newspaper *2 Uhr Blatt* recalled from military service to take charge of the paper, with whose present editorial direction Goebbels declared himself dissatisfied;

(4) "Tasteless" posters advertising American films should be banned.

As the last and seventh of his orders that morning, Goebbels assigned to top priority task to two of the most senior of his propaganda pallidians.

With the other men at the conference table sniggering in obsequious admiration of the little maestro's diabolical ingenuity, Goebbels called upon Leopold Gutterer, his Secretary of State, to arrange for the faking of the "pornographic diary" of a British prisoner of war. The diary, Goebbels cackled gleefully, was to present a detailed and salacious account of the British soldier's amorous adventures in Paris with the wives, slaves, and sweethearts of French soldiers who were away fighting at the front.

The pornographic document, said Goebbels, was to be prepared in leaflet form so that Luftwaffe aircraft could drop it on concentrations of French troops and civilians. He expressed confidence that it would help to make bad blood between the French and the British. Then Goebbels turned to Dr. Adolf Raskin, his director of foreign language broadcasts, and instructed him to have the pornographic diary broadcast over his French "secret radios".

Dr. Goebbels's order for subversion by pornography and the other instructions to his staff, on May 25, 1940, are just a sample of the thousands of orders issued by him at 397 top secret "Minister Conferences" between October 26, 1939 and May 30, 1941, the minutes of which have now been published, edited by Herr Willi A. Boelcke, a thirty-eight-year-old Stuttgart historian, in *Kriegspropaganda 1939-1941* (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart; DM.80).

By good fortune the minutes, meticulously recorded by Goebbels's secretaries, survived both the allied bombing and shelling as well as the last-minute destruction of secret files by the Nazis. After the collapse of the Third Reich they fell into the hands of the east German Communists. Together with many other fascinating relics of Dr. Goebbels's activities at the "Promi" they were stored away on the shelves of a draft building in Potsdam which houses the Central State Archives of the German Democratic Republic.

No one in the West knows why the east Germans did not publish them, whether it was the result of bureaucratic indolence, or because of an uncomfortable awareness that the totalitarian methods of Nazi Control and Propaganda demonstrated the morale of the Germans or their enemies he eagerly claimed as his domain.

From the alcoholic content of Bavarian beer, the punctual delivery of fresh breakfast rolls to Berlin households, to the design of cigarette cards—everything was grist to his propaganda mill. Cigarette cards he insisted should be harnessed to the war effort by substituting caricatures of that "drunkard Churchill" for the traditional portraits of jockeys, footballers, and film stars.

Every event, every ruling and by-law issued by the authorities of the Third Reich was examined by him for its possible effect on the morale of the nation. Thus he used his influence to get an order revoked which prohibited smoking on Berlin's "U-Bahn" (the underground railway).

Nor did he make a feign of consistency. On one occasion he banned a performance by two dancers at a Berlin nightclub called *Frassquita* because their costumes were so scanty as to "verge on the obscene". On another he laid down that there was no objection to the girls of a "Strength through Joy" entertainment troop revealing as much as they cared to of their feminine attractions to their soldier audiences.

He ordered the unfortunate Gutterer and another Nazi high-up of his ministry to join the Berlin socialists' Wannsee Golf Club in order that they might spy on the other members and report to him what they were saying. Another time he ordered a police raid on a residential suburb in order to confiscate British dance records and to investigate the political background of the people playing them.

When a German national team lost an international ice hockey match in Prague poor Gutterer was told to see to it that in future only such matches were arranged with "colonial peoples" like the Czechs which the German master race could be sure of winning.

Race consciousness and race hate permeated everything. He revoked the order permitting Jews to buy chocolate on their ration cards. By order of Goebbels, too, Jews were only allowed into shops between certain restricted hours. He laid on "polemic" campaigns of hate against Britain and ordered his researchers to establish the "Jewish background" and "Jewish influence" behind British newspapers.

But there were also orders which showed Goebbels's genius for the suppression of news which might be damaging. Fritzsche, for instance, was ordered to ensure that the German press only published news of shortages and organizational breakdowns in enemy countries if there were no similar shortages or breakdowns in Germany. When the bombing of Germany by the R.A.F. became increasingly severe, Fritzsche was told to permit the local press in bombed districts to be more frank about damage and casualties than the Luftwaffe communiqués. Newspapers outside the bombed zone, however, were not allowed this latitude. All newspapers were ordered to say that Britain was taking incomparably more in bombing raids than the Reich.

Goebbels himself issued all orders. He did not delegate. He was the great impresario who decreed what the Germans should read, hear, think, and dream. And it was at the eleven o'clock conference that he issued his stage directions.

What amazes me though is that not only did he fail to subdivide the departments under his care, as we did in Britain, into "home" and "foreign" and the foreign in turn into "neutrals", "allies", "enemy" and "satellites", but that he lumped the personnel dealing with them into one huge team whose members often had overlapping interests.

Dr. Adolf Raskin, for instance, was in charge of all foreign language broadcasts. He was responsible both for the official "Germany calling" broadcasts and for the disavowable "secret radios". Frequently Goebbels assigned the same campaigns to both, a duplication which we in Britain took the greatest pains to avoid. We even went so far as to hide the personnel of our "secret radios" from the B.B.C. staff. Goebbels, by way of contrast, often used the same writers for both operations.

William Joyce, the "Lord Haw Haw" of the "Germany calling" broadcasts to Britain, wrote scripts for the open as well as the "secret radios". Hans Fritzsche, who was in charge of the German press and also broadcast news commentaries on Goebbels's "home service", was ordered to study the possibilities for disseminating rumours in Britain and to submit a list of suitable "whispers" to the minister. This was a task we in Britain entrusted to S.O.E., so far as the dissemination of rumours was concerned, while a top secret committee of psychological warriors devised the rumours which the S.O.E. agents were to spread.

Goebbels did, however, as the minutes show, discriminate between broadcasts and newspaper articles for German consumption and those for foreign audiences. So far as Germany was concerned he insisted on caution. He wanted to avoid overstimulating the expectations of the German public, in order that there should be no boomerang reaction on German morale, if expectations were not fulfilled.

This was a characteristic of his technique soon recognized by the British Intelligence section analysing German propaganda output. In the last stages of the war it proved a most valuable guide in assessing from the pronouncements of German press and radio how close in Goebbels's well-briefed estimation the Germans were to shooting off their VI wonder weapons at us and how far damage to the ramps from allied bombing was forcing him to revise his estimate. It is a tribute

both to the little doctor and to our analysts that they got the time of the shoot off right to within a matter of days.

One result of this conglomeration of propaganda operations under one hat (Britain's Political Warfare Executive consisted of the Minister of Information, the Foreign Secretary, and the Minister of Economic Warfare) was that the numbers of ministry officials as well as of liaison officers from the Foreign Office and the armed services attending the minister's eleven o'clock meeting grew and grew until by May, 1941, there were between fifty and sixty persons sitting at his horse-shoe conference table.

Whether it belonged to their province or not, they had to listen respectfully while the genius laid down what the newspapers were to say, what lines the home and foreign language broadcasts were to take, what the agents of the Nazi party were to put about by word of mouth in the air raid shelters, and what rumours for purposes of deception German agents were to spread in the bars and cafés of neutral capitals.

They had to listen to Goebbels's indignant denunciation of a newspaper whose classified advertising manager had carelessly passed for publication an advertisement headed "Mein Kampf gegen Blüthungen" (My struggle against flatulences); or the clumsiness of an official of the Ministry of Economic Affairs who had issued a "completely impermissible" order telling the German public that it would have to make do with what it had in the way of footwear to the end of the war. Goebbels objected because this, he said, was liable to suggest an over-optimistic estimate of the war's probable duration.

The little doctor loved anything savouring of bluff or deception with the fervour of a Chelsea art for art's sake fanatic. He even deceived his own officials about such vital points as the D-Day for the invasion of the Low Countries and France, and later for the invasion of Yugoslavia, Greece and the U.S.S.R.

When I think of the care with which our top psychological warriors were briefed by the Chiefs of Staff months ahead of such operations as Torch, Overlord, Anvil, and many others, so that they could prepare ancillary psychological warfare plans to assist and exploit the military action, I feel a little sorry for their German opposite numbers who were so deftly kept in the dark by their boss. I feel even sorer for them when I think of the far-ranging independence I was allowed in my own particular field of operations, the steady flow of intelligence from a multitude of sources which enabled us to scoop the Goebbels men with many up-to-the-minute inside stories, including some about the Führerhauptquartier itself which made Hitler believe we had managed to bug his telephone lines. (In *Soldat der Telegraphen und*

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PUBLISHERS GROUP LTD.

26-28 Hallam Street, London, W.1.

James Ballows, editor
GEORGE SANTAYANA'S AMERICAN LITERATURE AND CULTURE
The sixteen essays collected here present the renowned philosopher's views on American literature and culture from 1886 to 1922.
University of Illinois Press 43s. 6d.

William R. Ewald, Jr., AIP, Editor
ENVIRONMENT FOR MAN: THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS
Sponsored by the American Institute of Planners, this volume presents a new and exciting concept of city planning. The articles prepared by such authorities as René Dubos, Bertrand Russell, William L. C. Wheaton, John W. Dickeyman and Moshe Safdie (EXPO '67's Habitat architect).
Indiana University Press Cloth 52s. 0d.
To be published 23 November 1967 Paper 22s. 6d. (M.B.-102).

Frederick J. Crosson and Kenneth M. Sayre, editors
PHILOSOPHY AND CYBERNETICS
Discussed from the dual viewpoint of philosophic issues and the mind-machine concepts of computer science, the essays in this book include areas of interest to both specialists and interested laymen.
University of Notre Dame Press
To be published 23 November 1967 52s. 0d.

Luciano Berti
MASACCIO
Luciano Berti here disposes of the myth that the artist developed independently of his environment. Setting Masaccio's art in sharp contrast against the tapestry of late Gothic, he traces, brilliantly and convincingly, the origins of the style to techniques drawn from Giotto, Brunelleschi, and Donatello.
Pennsylvania State University Press. 167 illus. col. & b/w.
To be published December 1967 29 16s. 0d.

Howard F. Cline, editor and compiler
LATIN AMERICAN HISTORY
Essays on its Study and Teaching, 1896-1965
Nearly 100 essays trace the development of the specialised field of Latin American history in the United States. (Conference on Latin American History Publications No. 1)
University of Texas Press 2 vol. set 187s. 0d.
To be published 23 November 1967

William R. Crawford
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHAUVER 1954-1963
A supplement to Griffith's original bibliography, which includes entries for 1953 not noted in the original and continues the cumulative record through 1963.
University of Washington Press
To be published 23 November 1967 37s. 6d.

Jonathan D. Sauer
PLANTS AND MAN ON THE SEYCHELLES COAST
A Study in Historical Biogeography
Dr. Sauer presents an historical account of the islands' coastal vegetation and the shaping of its distribution patterns by natural environment and human activities.
University of Wisconsin Press illus. 37s. 6d.

Nachrichtentelefon, pp. 221-222. General Albert Prant tells how, on being put in command of German army communications in August, 1944, his first job was to check the leak in the Führerhauptquartier telephone communications through which "intimate" gossip from those closest to Hitler was reaching the allied "Soldatensender Calais".

No doubt German intelligence about Britain was scarce compared with ours about Hitler-Germany, and the maestro seems to have kept to himself such intelligence as did come his way from Abwehr and S.D. He confined even his "secret radios", who badly needed intelligence to flavour their campaigns of lies, to a state diet of monitored broadcasts, reports from German news agency correspondents in neutral capitals, and week-old British newspapers flown in from Lisbon.

I wonder what the minister would have said had he discovered that he himself was one of our most important sources! His news agency, the Deutsche Nachrichten Büro, operated a radio teleprinter which was able to receive in our headquarters in Britain at the same time as German newspapers and radios were receiving it. The D.N.B. enabled us to provide the "Soldatensender Calais", our counterfeiter of a German Forces Radio, with a judicious admixture of genuine Goebbels news items as cover for our subversive "poison".

Goebbels kept a close watch on British propaganda output. Generally his comment on it to the disciples gathered around him at the horse-shoe table was scathing. With unforgotten joy he welcomed such oversanguine claims as Neville Chamberlain's: "He has missed the bus". He instructed his research team to dig in their archives in order to compare the promises made by British propagandists a few months before some particular defeat or disaster with what they were saying after it—a technique we ourselves later applied against Hitler by recording his claims of "total victory" and "complete destruction of the Russian army" and playing back the records to the Germans over the B.B.C. German language broadcasts.

Occasionally he would single out some utterance by a British speaker as containing a line which he thought might become dangerous and required counter-propaganda. As for instance, on May 26, 1941, after a speech by Vernon Bartlett in the House of Commons, Goebbels said:

We shall have to go counter to the Vernon Bartlett speech, because I rather suspect the next line of British propaganda will be: "Hitler scores victories in all his battles, but Britain will win the war."

I even find myself the subject of a ministerial minute. Order Number 4 on April 7, 1941, said:

The Minister desires that both in the German press as in the foreign broadcasts there shall be no further mention of the name of Sefton Delmer, who at the moment is a broadcaster in London and was formerly a newspaper correspondent in Berlin. From an exact knowledge of German affairs Delmer manages to endow his vulgar ruderities (satiric Publiken) with an aura of probability. He plays up personal differences of which he may have heard at one time or another and endeavours to antagonize leading German personalities against one another.

I wish I could remember which of my little talks on the German service of the B.B.C. earned me this testi-

monial from the master. Alas it is twenty-six years ago now, and I have no recollection of it at all. But there is more than enough evidence in Goebbels's own conference minutes of his feuding with Ribbentrop and with Goering to show that I had embarked on a profitable line of attack.

His most damning criticism of the British propagandists was, however, reserved for their failure to exploit the flight of Hitler's Deputy, Rudolf Hess, to Scotland on May 11, 1941. On May 19, 1941, by which time Goebbels thought it was clear that the British were doing nothing to capitalize this political windfall (Churchill had given express orders that there was to be no speculation about Rudolf Hess's flight and this tied the hands of our psychological warriors)—Goebbels is recorded as telling the eleven o'clock meeting:

I must confess I had a couple of sleepless nights when I thought about what the British might have made of Hess's flight and what grave damage they might have inflicted on our international reputation. But the British once more proved themselves as short-sighted and as ham-handed as on all other occasions of vital importance to them. In my opinion we can now consider the Hess affair as over and done with.

His first direction on May 13, 1941, concerning the Hess escape seemed how worried he had been. He told the meeting:

At the moment I am unable to tell you anything about the background of the dramatic events of yesterday and the previous night. For the moment all we can do is to keep a stiff upper lip, react in no way at all, make no declarations, engage in no polemics.

On May 14, 1941, he reiterated: "No mention may be made of the flight of Rudolf Hess." On May 15 he said:

If the British were to invent declarations by Rudolf Hess about our food and raw material situation or about the intentions of the Führer (Goebbels clearly had in mind that the British might take a statement by Hess about the impending German invasion of the U.S.S.R.), then we must be ready to take some heavy punishment.

Alas, under orders from Churchill to play down Hess's flight to Britain, which I understand as little today as I understood them at the time, the British did nothing. Goebbels, having waited in vain for the British to take the offensive, went over to the counter-offensive himself—on his "Scottish Nationalists Secret Radio".

As the war progressed "secret radios", counterfeiting, and everything that we in Britain called the "black" side of propaganda, as against the "white" purity of the B.B.C. broadcasts and the official leaflets, became my particular province so far as Germany, the Italians, and Hitler's other satellites were concerned. I do not think I am being immodest if I say we were rather better at it than Goebbels and his men.

After all, we had all the advantages. The émigrés whom Hitler's policies had driven abroad gave us an infinitely more talented and varied supply of speakers and writers than the handful of social misfits that worked with William Joyce and that one-time celebrity, Lieutenant Bailey-Stewart, of "the officer-in-the-tower" fame, provided for Goebbels. I dare say Goebbels's "black"

operations to France were performed with greater expertise than "The Workers' Challenge", "Radio Caledonia", the "New British Broadcasting Station" and the programme which pretended to be of Irish origin. What I heard of these English language efforts when I listened in to them was far from impressive.

In reading the minutes, however, I find that many of the ideas I thought were uniquely ours had in fact been anticipated by the propaganda doctor. I had no idea, for instance, that long before we began to fake a German astrological magazine called *Zenith* for distribution by S.O.E. agents in Hitler-occupied Europe and provided it with horoscopes predicting misfortune for Germany's leaders, Dr. Goebbels had taken the German astrologer Karl Ernst Krafft into his employment to cast similarly ill-omened horoscopes for the allied chiefs.

This is all the more macabre as I myself had arranged to forge a "what-the-stars-foretell" letter to Hitler in Krafft's own handwriting with a warning for him. An S.O.E. agent posted it for us in Berlin. (The postage stamps on it were also forgeries!) Nor did I know until I had read Herr Boeckle's book that Goebbels had published a fake edition of *Nostradamus* before I persuaded the late Louis de Wohl to produce one for us. I would love to compare the two editions.

I am fascinated too, to find that Goebbels had the same difficulty with his French Communist "Radio Humanité" that we in Britain had with our first left-wing German "secret radio" called "Sender der europäischen Revolution". We found it was too ideological and high-minded. It had no

resonance in Germany. Similarly, Goebbels complained to his meeting on June 2, 1940, that his French Communist "Radio Humanité" which were "too intellectual and had no mass appeal". He instructed Gutterer to get hold of the German Communist Ernst Torgler to rewrite the Frenchmen's scripts and put a little pep into them!

He had no hesitation in letting his most successful "secret radio", "Voix de la Paix", broadcast on a medium wave to increase its audience, although it was inconceivable that a secret transmitter could broadcast over a powerful medium wave without being discovered at once. In the same way we did not hesitate to let our "Soldatensender Calais" broadcast over a 600 kilowatt medium wave station when we launched it in October, 1943, in preparation of "Overlord".

The most remarkable coincidence, however, is that Goebbels had anticipated my own "war-winning" scheme to broadcast a fake enemy surrender on the enemy frequencies. We had developed a technique by which the moment a German radio went off the air in order to avoid helping the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force with their navigation, by giving them a beacon signal during a raid on Germany, we were able to take over the vacant frequency within a two hundredth of a second. We could then relay over this frequency the identical programme the Germans had been broadcasting. We picked it up from another German station which had not closed down.

So far as the German listener was

concerned there was nothing to show him that the big bad British wolf had taken over from Dr. Goebbels. We were thus able to issue misleading announcements to the Germans. My war-winning operation for this technique. The operation proposed was much the same as the one the little doctor had designed for the French.

On June 15, 1940, he instructed Hans Fritzsche and his military liaison officer Major Martin, to consult the Führerhauptquartier and the army authorities, whether they would agree that on that same evening a report should be put out over a French frequency was to say that negotiations for a cease-fire had just begun. Dr. Goebbels said he was sure that such a report would have catastrophic effect on the French. But Dr. Goebbels' proposal was turned down, just as mine was almost five years later. (The second volume of my autobiography: *Black Boomerang*.)

Dr. Goebbels was a great believer in "secret radios". Oddly enough he did not use them in the one campaign where even his somewhat primitive methods might have been successful: the Soviet Union. But Goebbels and Hitler were so confident that the "Slav sub-humans" of Soviet Russia would provide the German army with a walk-over that he did not bother to lay on any special "secret radio" for Russia until it was too late.

I trust we can look forward to a continuation of the Goebbels Minutes from Herr Boeckle. It would be a tragedy if they have to end where they do now.

FROM SALERNO TO THE PO

W. G. F. JACKSON: *The Battle for Italy*. 372pp. Batsford. £2 15s.

The scope of Batsford's British Battles series is here extended to cover a campaign which lasted two years. Major-General Jackson, an outstanding example of the educated soldier with appointments on the directing staff of Camberley and Sandhurst to his credit, as well as regimental soldiering in Italy, has therefore felt himself obliged to concentrate on strategy. This task he has performed well: at each stage in his narrative of events, which is lucid and accurate as if at times a little Olympian, he assesses the effectiveness of the Allied achievement in terms of the strategic objects pursued. The assessment comes very close to that of Lord Alexander in his Commander-in-Chief's Despatch of twenty years ago; General Jackson has clearly been influenced both by his judgment and his choice of expression. This is no bad thing since Despatches are condemned to an ephemeral half-life in a supplement to the *Gazette* and Alexander's style is as cogent as his conclusions.

The object of the Italian campaign as a whole (the capture of Sicily had an additional object, the opening of the Mediterranean sea-route) was to draw off into the peninsula German forces which otherwise would have been available to oppose the landings in Normandy. It was a diversionary, holding attack. It succeeded in its object and it is General Jackson's particular merit that he demonstrates this fact by means of comparative tables of strength at various dates. Allied troops in Italy were always kept to the minimum by making frequent detachments to the main theatre: the Germans stubbornly reinforced to the detriment of their strength in France and Russia. Tactics naturally get more summary treatment, although it could be argued, given the enclosed nature of the terrain and the horrors of the Italian climate, that a tactical narrative were it possible within a reasonable compass, would constitute the true history of the campaign.

In fact General Jackson does not confine himself to plans in addition and subtraction with divisions as counters. He knows and can expound, for example, the reasons why Anzio was a success, not a failure, why Salerno was the place deemed least likely by the Germans for a landing and why the final battle in the spring of 1945 was his eminent, for skill in planning and death in execution. The reader who is not a military man, but who is interested in the campaign, will find this book a most interesting and useful addition to his library.

good introduction; it was to some extent a separate operation with a defined object. The amphibious landing was on the largest scale with nine divisions afloat and seven in the assault wave (against only five for "Overlord"); in spite of General Montgomery's pessimistic forecasts in the planning stage, resistance to the landing was very light, particularly from the Italians. Exploitation, however, was less efficient and the Germans were able to reinforce, make a fight of it and carry out a skillful withdrawal a month later. General Jackson is inclined to put the blame for this on Montgomery. Inspired with a heady and uncharacteristic optimism by the lightning success of the first phase and convinced that he could finish the job all on his own, he persuaded Alexander to clear the Americans out of his way by altering the Inter-Army boundary. General Patton, who on the original plan should have advanced northwards parallel with Eighth Army, was justly annoyed at being shouldered away westwards. In his *Memoirs*, twenty-five years later, Montgomery realizes the strategic error but has forgotten the cause; General Patton, he says, "was allowed to wheel west" and thereby "missed the opportunity to direct his main thrust-line northwards in order to cut the island in two". General Jackson's revelation of the background is a contribution to history.

Planning for the invasion of Italy is well described and the German side gets particularly full treatment. There was a conflict of strategy between Rommel, pessimistically determined to give up everything south of the Pisa-Rimini line, and Kesselring, who was sanguine about holding as far south as Naples and believed to the last that the Italians would be staunch. Hitler, after serious hesitation, plumped for Kesselring and the history of the campaign from October, 1943 onwards is one of how Hitler cooperated enthusiastically with Alexander in helping the latter to carry out his directive from the Combined Chiefs of Staff. The theme is set out in a notable appreciation by Lord Harding, in early 1944: ground gained had no special importance, even the capture of Rome had no military significance; the only thing that counted was "to destroy German formations in Italy to such an extent that they had to be replaced from elsewhere to prevent a disaster".

Until the official history appears this will certainly be the standard work on the Italian campaign. It has all the merits of a good staff officer's book. The processes of planning and of taking decisions are described from the inside. It is particularly sound on the value of deception which played a tremendous part from the first battles in Sicily to the final victory in the Po valley. A staff work involved in Eighth Army's switch of its axis before the battle for the Gothic line is singled out for special praise and given in detail to bring out its skill and competence. But General Jackson has not forgotten his own front-line experience in the campaign. Although he has been forced to eschew descriptions he gives the credit to the ordinary soldier struggling against a determined and cunning enemy through flooded rivers and mud, or across wooded mountains, snow-covered mountains which he illustrates by the well-known photographs which are the glowing feature of this series.

As we know from George Painter's wonderfully thorough biography, Marcel Proust was not encouraged by the little he had heard before his death about *La recherche du temps perdu*. His own suggestion had been that the book should be translated by Gilbert Cannan as a review of one of his books is reprinted below in "Fifty-year Rule", who had translated Romain Rolland's enormous *Le Christophe*, but, as Mr. Painter writes: "providentially... Charles Scott-Moncrieff had already resolved to devote his life to the translation of Proust's work." Such a resolution was a fitting match for Proust's own fanatical and absolute determination to see his book published in France, which had kept his emissaries busy for many months in 1911-12. Scott-Moncrieff was not immediately successful either when he tried to interest London publishers in his translation: Mr. Painter records his offer of *Swann's Way* as a serial to an ailing and agrarian-sounding magazine called *Land and Water* in January, 1920. But this was not his first failure, as is shown by two letters which he wrote to Messrs. Constable in 1919 and which are still in the firm's archives.

The first is dated October 22 and addressed from the New Oxford and Cambridge Club. Scott-Moncrieff starts it with true Pall Mall courtesy, "Gentlemen", and makes no mention of Proust until he is well into his second page. His first concern is a

book of "mainly political" light verse called *Snakes in the Grass*, which he had submitted to Constable and on which he wanted a decision. He goes into some detail over this before dropping the great name: "Meanwhile I have another book of some importance which I think is more worthy of the traditions of your house: that is a translation of M. Marcel Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*..." The book, he explains, is being "widely read and discussed in France and England... but I have not heard of any proposal to translate it." The letter ends with the offer of a specimen of his own translation.

The publishers' answer has not survived, but it must have been a prompt and dusty one, since Scott-Moncrieff's second letter to them is dated only eight days after the first. This time he prays Proust first and *Snakes in the Grass* (which also seems to have been rejected) second. "I am flattered to learn that you have gone very carefully 'into my suggestion', he writes, and then introduces a crucial semicolon: "I fear that my handwriting misled you. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is not the work of M. Marcel Proust but of M. PROUST, a widely different person..." Even in 1919, when the mildly scandalous novels of Marcel Proust were still being read, Scott-Moncrieff's amiable understatement can only have been an act of great restraint. It is followed by an excessively practical justification of his undertaking to translate Proust in the first place. Having compared the

Freedom. By Gilbert Cannan. THE FRAMEWORK OF A LASTING PEACE. Edited by Leonard S. Woolf.

Mr. Cannan holds the opinion that liberty is everywhere in peril. "The World now points the finger of scorn at Germany as the flagrant destroyer of liberty." But things are not much better elsewhere. "There is no nation under the sun where liberty is not every day conspired against," the chief conspirators being capitalists and plutocrats, who "tighten and economize the industrial machinery of the world and make more horrible the lot of men." Mr. Cannan revels in strong language, and has a certain impressiveness of diction, due in part to the oracular brevity of his sentences. "... But... there comes a stage at which the poet reader asks: What does Mr. Cannan want? What is the purpose of all his scintillating paradoxes and declamatory truisms?"

We are afraid that Mr. Cannan is too angry to be always lucid. He is worth with and thinks men of many sorts of people, and despises their motives and reasoning, including those broad and puzzle-headed generalizations which during the great war have passed as good enough reason for sending millions of men out to fight and to suffer in various parts of the world. His own diction is at the end not much clearer than it is at the outset. He deplores the "anarchy" which everywhere exists; but what is one to make of reasoning such as this? "The government of men by force and without their free consent is anarchic, and must breed anarchy and destruction. Only that government is valid to which men freely consent." The majority has no right to coerce the minority—a sentiment which Bakunin or Most might have

approved. What is to happen when minorities differ and seek to coerce each other whether each man is to have, in regard to traffic or morals, his own rule of the road, to go in with his motor or wagon just as he pleases, and to carry out his own notions about the spread of small-pox or other disease—these and other like queries are left unanswered by Mr. Cannan's exposition of principles, so far as intelligible. That he thinks that there is too much fawning to "the man in the street"; that there must be "colour in the social life"; that women are now in "captivity"; that marriage should be "a house of freedom wherein the lovers dwell blessed with their freedom all who come in contact with them"; that "Great Britain, like every other civilized country, is a plutocracy differing from the rest only as being more subject to the caprices of public opinion"—all that is fairly clear, but not much else. It is a pity, because the subject of the limits of the action of the State now needs lucid thinking and calm consideration more than ever; and because, amid much indiscriminating anger and a tumult of inconsecutive truisms, there are sentences and passages in his book which give the promise of better work.

Very different is Mr. Woolf's modest volume. The greater part of it consists of a statement of the chief plans of international organization to prevent the recurrence of war; such as the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Nations, the Society, the Fabian Society, and the Dutch Committee. Mr. Woolf does not offer for inspection a rival scheme of his own. He is not very critical of the plans of

others nor does he pry into their weak points. In his own words, "We do not propose merely to drive another furrow through the field.... We propose to insist upon the common rather than the differences in these schemes, to show, if possible, that the different ploughs, guided unconsciously, often by men noble in reason, have followed two or three broad, general furrows, and that in these furrows the seed of peace must, if ever, be sown."

And this statement, on the whole, he makes good; though important differences exist as to matters of detail, and notably as to two points—the handling of "non-justifiable disputes" between nations, and the employment of force against recalcitrant members of a League of Nations. That Mr. Woolf arrives at conclusions which will be universally accepted, that he fully realizes all the difficulties in the way of the schemes which he most favours, that he appreciates truly the deepest and more enduring causes of the recurrence of wars—all that may be doubtful. But it is of value that these schemes, promulgated by men who have given much thought to their preparation, should be set out fully and their differences explained. We note, with satisfaction that Mr. Woolf makes short work of the dictum popular for a short time at the beginning of the war, that there is, and will be, no more international law. He sees and shows that the future for it is and must be great. He is full of the kind of hope which is contagious. "Every thing is Utopian until it is tried," and unless some scheme as those which he describes is adopted, Europe, with all the newly applied ingenuity in devising means of destruction, will, he is confident, relapse into

barbarism. We note that in his view any "league which leaves out Germany and Austria would be worthless." "A league which excluded Germany would inevitably appear to be and tend to become a league directed against Germany." But what as to a league with the present German Government? Are its perfidy and crimes to be at once forgotten or forgiven?

(SIR J. MACDONNELL)

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the TLS on November 8, 1917.

THE FRAMEWORK OF A LASTING PEACE. Edited by Leonard S. Woolf.

Mr. Cannan holds the opinion that liberty is everywhere in peril. "The World now points the finger of scorn at Germany as the flagrant destroyer of liberty." But things are not much better elsewhere. "There is no nation under the sun where liberty is not every day conspired against," the chief conspirators being capitalists and plutocrats, who "tighten and economize the industrial machinery of the world and make more horrible the lot of men." Mr. Cannan revels in strong language, and has a certain impressiveness of diction, due in part to the oracular brevity of his sentences. "... But... there comes a stage at which the poet reader asks: What does Mr. Cannan want? What is the purpose of all his scintillating paradoxes and declamatory truisms?"

We are afraid that Mr. Cannan is too angry to be always lucid. He is worth with and thinks men of many sorts of people, and despises their motives and reasoning, including those broad and puzzle-headed generalizations which during the great war have passed as good enough reason for sending millions of men out to fight and to suffer in various parts of the world. His own diction is at the end not much clearer than it is at the outset. He deplores the "anarchy" which everywhere exists; but what is one to make of reasoning such as this? "The government of men by force and without their free consent is anarchic, and must breed anarchy and destruction. Only that government is valid to which men freely consent." The majority has no right to coerce the minority—a sentiment which Bakunin or Most might have

approved. What is to happen when minorities differ and seek to coerce each other whether each man is to have, in regard to traffic or morals, his own rule of the road, to go in with his motor or wagon just as he pleases, and to carry out his own notions about the spread of small-pox or other disease—these and other like queries are left unanswered by Mr. Cannan's exposition of principles, so far as intelligible. That he thinks that there is too much fawning to "the man in the street"; that there must be "colour in the social life"; that women are now in "captivity"; that marriage should be "a house of freedom wherein the lovers dwell blessed with their freedom all who come in contact with them"; that "Great Britain, like every other civilized country, is a plutocracy differing from the rest only as being more subject to the caprices of public opinion"—all that is fairly clear, but not much else. It is a pity, because the subject of the limits of the action of the State now needs lucid thinking and calm consideration more than ever; and because, amid much indiscriminating anger and a tumult of inconsecutive truisms, there are sentences and passages in his book which give the promise of better work.

Very different is Mr. Woolf's modest volume. The greater part of it consists of a statement of the chief plans of international organization to prevent the recurrence of war; such as the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Nations, the Society, the Fabian Society, and the Dutch Committee. Mr. Woolf does not offer for inspection a rival scheme of his own. He is not very critical of the plans of

others nor does he pry into their weak points. In his own words, "We do not propose merely to drive another furrow through the field.... We propose to insist upon the common rather than the differences in these schemes, to show, if possible, that the different ploughs, guided unconsciously, often by men noble in reason, have followed two or three broad, general furrows, and that in these furrows the seed of peace must, if ever, be sown."

And this statement, on the whole, he makes good; though important differences exist as to matters of detail, and notably as to two points—the handling of "non-justifiable disputes" between nations, and the employment of force against recalcitrant members of a League of Nations. That Mr. Woolf arrives at conclusions which will be universally accepted, that he fully realizes all the difficulties in the way of the schemes which he most favours, that he appreciates truly the deepest and more enduring causes of the recurrence of wars—all that may be doubtful. But it is of value that these schemes, promulgated by men who have given much thought to their preparation, should be set out fully and their differences explained. We note, with satisfaction that Mr. Woolf makes short work of the dictum popular for a short time at the beginning of the war, that there is, and will be, no more international law. He sees and shows that the future for it is and must be great. He is full of the kind of hope which is contagious. "Every thing is Utopian until it is tried," and unless some scheme as those which he describes is adopted, Europe, with all the newly applied ingenuity in devising means of destruction, will, he is confident, relapse into

barbarism. We note that in his view any "league which leaves out Germany and Austria would be worthless." "A league which excluded Germany would inevitably appear to be and tend to become a league directed against Germany." But what as to a league with the present German Government? Are its perfidy and crimes to be at once forgotten or forgiven?

(SIR J. MACDONNELL)

Frank Cass

Cass Library of Science Classics

Abraham De Moivre
The Doctrine of Chances; or, A Method of Calculating the Probabilities of Events in Play.
New Impression 5gns

Goethe
Theory of Colours
New Impression 6gns

Robert Hooke
Philosophical Experiments and Observations
New Impression £4 10s

J. Clerk Maxwell, ed.
The Electrical Researches of the Honourable Henry Cavendish
New Impression 6gns

William Whewell
Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences
New Impression Two volumes 12gns

William Whewell
History of the Inductive Sciences
New Impression Three volumes 15gns

The Savoy
Nos. 1-8, London, January-December 1896
New Impression Five volumes £30

Sir John Fortescue, ed.
The Correspondence of King George the Third. From 1760 to December 1783
New Impression Six volumes £48

Henry Mayhew
London Labour and the London Poor. A cyclopaedia of the conditions and earnings of those that will work, those that cannot work, and those that will not work
New Impression Four volumes £25

Edward Topsell
The History of the Four-footed Beasts and Serpents and Insects
Second edition Three volumes £35

Captain F. M. Hunter.
An Account of the British Settlement of Aden in Arabia
New Impression £3 10s

General Sir Reginald Wingate
Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan. Being an account of the rise and progress of Mahdism, and of the subsequent events in the Sudan to the present time
With a new Introduction by Professor P. M. Holt
Second Edition 12gns

Frank Cass & Co Ltd

67 Great Russell Street London WCI

Foyles can supply Books on every subject, including Literature, Music, Travel, Philosophy, Art, Religion, Law, Education, Medicine, Technology, Commerce, Drama, Cookery.

Foyles Library Supply Dept. is praised by librarians throughout the World

W & G FOYLE LTD
119-121, CHANCERY CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Psychical Research

MIND MATTERS

THE VOCATION OF JACOB

ARTHUR A. COHEN: *The Natural and the Supernatural Jew*. An Historical and Theological Introduction, 326pp., Vallentine, Mitchell, 35s.

100

Florence

THE YEAR OF THE FLOOD

FRANCO NENCINI: *Florence: The Days of the Flood*. Preface by Enrico Mattei. 133pp. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

KATHRYN KRILSSMAN TAYLOR: *Florence: Ordeal by Water*. 146pp. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

The flooding of Florence on November 4, 1966, was an event whose impact on the western world was extraordinary by any token. One of the reasons for this was no doubt the almost symbolic position Florence occupies in the European consciousness as one of the cradles of modern civilization—a position that receives added significance from the survival in that city of so many of its great monuments and works of art, so that despite all the changes the past 100-odd years have brought about, the visitor to Florence can still imagine himself to be in the city of Dante and Lorenzo de' Medici and Michelangelo. Another reason was the suddenness and extent of the threat to the monuments and works of art, which overnight brought once more home to us, who are used to the destruction wrought by modern warfare, the fragility and vulnerability, as well as the irreparability, of things that we take for granted as essential elements of our civilization.

Perhaps it was the very comprehensiveness of the threat to Florence

which was so particularly alarming: the immense damage done, which at first appeared to be even greater than turned out to be the case, to buildings and paintings, furniture and sculpture, books and archival records—as if what was happening in Florence could be dreadfully representative of threats of a different order. The wave of sympathy with which the world responded to the news of the flood, and the spontaneity and readiness with which assistance of the most varied kinds was given by individuals and institutions from all over the world, has in retrospect, like the flood itself, an almost epic quality. It is therefore not surprising that accounts of the flood should not have remained confined to the innumerable reports in newspapers, radio and television. As early as a few weeks after the event, illustrated documentaries on the flood began to appear on Florentine bookshelves; they were followed by a growing number of expert assessments of the extent of the damage, and by inquiries into problems of rescue and restoration.

One of the first of these documentaries, written by a member of the staff of the Florentine newspaper *La Nazione*, Franco Nencini's book is a competent piece of journalistic reporting, and contains some of the best photographs of flooded Florence. Mrs. Taylor's account, based on her diary, is a moving day-to-day description of life in Florence during the flood and during the days and weeks that followed it. The first was published in Italian on November 30, 1966 (it is a pity that this date should have been omitted in the English translation). Mrs. Taylor's diary ends in March, 1967. The different dates of composition explain differences in perspective. Signor Nencini's account is pervaded by the sense of catastrophe that still hung

over his town while he was writing. Mrs. Taylor's sensitive narrative leads us from the disastrous first days to the gradual and often unbelievable recovery. Signor Nencini conveys to us some of the bewilderment and anger Florentines felt in those days about the reasons for the disaster, and their concern for the future safety of their city; Mrs. Taylor, an American who happened to be living in Florence at the time, avoids overt criticism, and concentrates on a straight narrative. Her book is at its strongest in the descriptions of the Florentines' reactions to the sudden catastrophe and to the slow recovery: perhaps a sympathetic non-Florentine was needed to put across, in such perceptive terms, the remarkable virtues of quiet endurance and resilience which the Florentines revealed during that crisis. "Deeply injured as Florence may be," Mrs. Taylor concludes,

I think she is rich in her citizens, in their civilized dignity and in their choice of creativity and integrity as the two solid gifts of life to be saved when everything else had sunk out of sight—and in their unflinching courage.

Mrs. Taylor has written a book which is not only a document of human behaviour in times of adversity but also a simply told tale of a tragic episode in the history of this great and ancient city.

Bibliography

PHILLIPPS BRIEF

A. N. L. MUNBY: *Portrait of an Obsession*. 278pp. Constable. £2 10s.

The first volume of Dr. Munby's *Phillipps Studies* was published in 1951 by the Cambridge University Press (and noticed in this journal on July 20 of that year). The review of the fifth and last, on December 9, 1960, summing up the series, described the author as "the ideal remembrancer to give to the world the scholarly, understanding, judicious, amply detailed portrait of a fabulous library and its equally fabulous creator, set in a rich panorama of a half-century's book-collecting and book-selling."

Admired, cherished and used as *Phillipps Studies* have been, and will be by the bookish fraternity, they necessarily contain a good deal of technical and, enumerative matter, while the narrative is buttressed with ample quotation from letters and papers. The late Donald Hyde cannot have been the only man to believe that Phillipps's obsessive fervour, his extraordinary character, his unique achievement, would be of interest to a wider public, but it was he, as a director of Constable as well as a book-collector, who put his belief into practice, and whose name is fully commemorated on the dedication page of the resulting book.

A "bibliomaniac" has been described in a current manual as "a book-collector with a slightly wild look in his eye." Five minutes' acquaintance with Dr. Munby's voluminous baronet—vain, selfish, dogmatic, obstinate, litigious and bigoted—makes this definition sound almost unrecognizably pallid. Sir Thomas Phillipps was possessed by the Homeric-Boulytic, a morbid, pathological, an almost insane voracity for manuscripts, of which in the course of half a century, he accumulated no fewer than 60,000—more, in all, than any other individual.

pointed out, than all the libraries in Cambridge put together.

At seventy-seven, as if that was not enough, he told a fellow-collector of manuscripts that "I am buying Printed Books because I wish to have one Copy of every Book in the World []"; and by the time he died three years later he had amassed about 50,000. Frederic Madden complained (with some justice, as Dr. Munby admits) that the "tyrant of Middle Hill made very little productive use of this vast hoard. He also complained that Phillipps drove manuscript prices up, to which Phillipps replied that raising prices was the only way of saving unregarded things from the dustbin or the waste-paper merchant. How right he was has been dramatically demonstrated twice within the past couple of years, when after nearly a century of steady and carefully calculated dispersal of the Phillipps collection, there emerged from the obscurity of the Hill substantial remnants of the first Robert Herk's poetical commonplace book, and then, even more sensational, the lost half of Caxton's unpublished translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (patiently reassembled from a stack of waste vellum by Messrs. Lionel and Philip Robinson and their staff, which thanks to the generosity of Dr. Eugene B. Power, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is now rejoining Samuel Pepys's half, for belated publication).

The reduction and adaptation of Dr. Munby's five volumes (more than 800 pages, fifty-one plates, price—*if all were still in print*—about £5) to a single volume of fewer than 300 pages, with thirteen plates, has been managed with admirable adroitness and tact by Mr. Nicolas Barker, the editor of *The Book Collector*. The technicalities have been skilfully

Florentine works of art and libraries. Yet it is precisely the international character of that vast and many-sided operation which is one of its most remarkable and gratifying aspects: the collaboration between the various rescue funds and the Italian authorities, between museums and libraries all over the world, between restorers of many nations; a collaboration which has already resulted in the creation of some of the finest and certainly the most cosmopolitan restoration workshops in existence. The reader in this country, for one, will be rightly surprised to find so little mention of the British contribution to this work; and the German reader may have a similar reaction. Mrs. Taylor's failure, in what is admittedly in the nature of an appendix to her narrative, to provide a satisfactory account of these developments, illustrates the difficulty in achieving an objective appraisal of the extensive and highly differentiated work of restoration which is now in progress in Florence. It may be hoped that one day a history of this vast and largely improvised operation, in which Italians and foreigners, experts and laymen, civil servants and private individuals, are taking part, will be written, and that this will be done not only in terms of technical problems and achievements. For the rescue and recovery of Florence after the flood has highlighted more than one problem in the political, social and administrative structure of Italy, as, for instance, that of the relations between central authorities and local government. (As for the technical aspects of the work of restoration, as well as for assessments of the damage, readers of this journal will in the meantime be interested in a number of *The Bookseller* (vol. XVI, 1, 1967) devoted to the Florentine flood, and in the inventory of the damage to

At the same time, all lovers of Florence will share in Signor Nencini's apprehension that the defence of the city may not be strong enough to deal with another flood. A year later, some of his warnings are just as valid as when they were written down. The threat from the river Arno has been with Florence since Roman times (Tacitus records a Florentine embassy to the Senate begging it not to divert water into the Arno, "ne . . . idque ipso penitus adfuerit"), and while the only flood which appears to have caused relatively greater havoc than has just been that of 1333, the one in 1966 assumed disaster proportions. It is hardly safe to rely overmuch on the fact that, in the past, major floods have not occurred in Florence more than once in a century; and Signor Nencini's verdict that "even today statistics are all we have to defend her with", has, despite its understandable exaggeration, an ominous ring.

The Florentine archives published a special number of the *Archivio Storico Italiano* (vol. CXXIV, 1966). The *Kunstschätze* of the year, NN, 71, contains a detailed survey of the damage to works of art, as well as to libraries and archives, and a bibliography of publications on the flood and its aftermath. Reports on the restoration of work of art, books, and archival records will no doubt appear in increasing numbers during the coming years, for even the massive financial help that is required materializes, it will take many years for the damage to be made good even in part. In the course of this work, new technical problems and solutions are constantly emerging, so that the flood of November 4, 1966, may well prove, in the end, a landmark in the history of conservation.

At the same time, all lovers of Florence will share in Signor Nencini's apprehension that the defence of the city may not be strong enough to deal with another flood. A year later, some of his warnings are just as valid as when they were written down. The threat from the river Arno has been with Florence since Roman times (Tacitus records a Florentine embassy to the Senate begging it not to divert water into the Arno, "ne . . . idque ipso penitus adfuerit"), and while the only flood which appears to have caused relatively greater havoc than has just been that of 1333, the one in 1966 assumed disaster proportions. It is hardly safe to rely overmuch on the fact that, in the past, major floods have not occurred in Florence more than once in a century; and Signor Nencini's verdict that "even today statistics are all we have to defend her with", has, despite its understandable exaggeration, an ominous ring.

THE TIMES literary supplement

Annual Subscription Rates

AUSTRALIA, 30/30. AUSTRIA, 25/25. BELGIUM, 31/31. CANADA, 35/35. DENMARK, 22/22. FRANCE, 25/25. GERMANY, 25/25. GREECE, 25/25. HOLLAND, 25/25. INDIA, 30/30. ITALY, 30/30. JAPAN, 30/30. NEW ZEALAND, 30/30. NORWAY, 25/25. PORTUGAL, 25/25. SWEDEN, 25/25. SWITZERLAND, 25/25. U.S.A., 30/30. U.K., 25/25. YUGOSLAVIA, 25/25.

OVERSEAS

Subscriptions may be entered through subscription agents or at any of these offices: AUSTRALIA: The Times Australia and New Zealand Office, 21, Bowen Street, Melbourne, N.E. CANADA: The Times Canadian Service Division, 490, King City, Ontario. DENMARK: The Times Subscription Agency, c/o Dansk Billedforlag, Hovedgaden 1, Copenhagen, K. FRANCE: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. GERMANY: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. HOLLAND: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. INDIA: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. ITALY: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. JAPAN: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. NEW ZEALAND: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. NORWAY: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. PORTUGAL: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. SWEDEN: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. SWITZERLAND: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. U.S.A.: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8. YUGOSLAVIA: The Times Office, 9, Rue Halévy, Paris 8.

GREAT BRITAIN

Please enter a year's subscription (issues) to THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT on my behalf. NAME ADDRESS COUNTRY ☐ I enclose ☐ Please send me an invoice

Letters to the Editor (continued) OUT OF PRINT

Sir—Mr. Patrick T. Moore's letter (November 2) suggests that the whole business of producing and distributing books in this country is in a state of confusion. This can be borne out from my own experience.

When I first came to this town, three years ago, one could reasonably expect to obtain a book to order in a week to ten days. This later lengthened to three weeks. Now the minimum time for delivery is given as three or four months, and more often it is a month or longer. I have had books turn up as long after ordering them that I had forgotten I had done so!

This state of affairs applies to books that are undoubtedly in print, and to both paperback and hardcover editions. The inconvenience caused to people who need material for lectures and papers, which have to be completed by a definite date, can be well imagined.

W. J. CHAMBERS.

Salmon Walden Historical and Archaeological Society.

INSECTICIDE

Sir—I am glad to learn from Sir Stanley Unwin (November 2) that "six or eight" of Capek's books are in print and that others are now being reprinted, but he wrote more than forty literary pieces of which, I believe, some thirty have been translated into English either here or in America. But we need to have all of them translated and in print if we are to be able to assess and enjoy his work. This is all the more important since his works are not easy to obtain in Czech today.

Mr. Silver (November 2) misquotes me. I wrote that Capek injected a little English humour and humanity into his complaints, and the operative words were—"English". I have some experience of Czech humour and humanity and I prize it highly, but at the time that Capek emerged German influences (and not necessarily bad ones) were undeniably still strong on Czech writers, musicians and poets. Even today the Czechs love "English" humour, and tell me how much they regret that there is not more of it in their own official and semi-official proceedings as we have at such delightful academic celebrations as those recently held at the Royal College of Art or sometimes less delightfully in the House of Commons. But the Czechs cannot be blamed for this, for even Sweden are heard complaining that their Riksdag proceedings are dull. Capek himself put it more bluntly: he said that in Bohemia "the only thing that is funny is what people do in earnest".

For the rest, I did not of course say that Capek was not a poet, but simply that he was not a great one. Finally, a deep interest in the philosophy of everyday life and a penetrating insight into human and political problems does not necessarily make a writer a philosopher.

YOUR REVIEWER.

Sir—I had not intended to enter into your reviewer's complaint (September 14) about my remark on the last design printed at the end of the William Blake Trust's facsimile of his *Milton*, but in view of Mr. John E. Grant's letter (November 2) I feel I must do so. I am grateful for Mr. Grant's defence of my intentions, which your reviewer seems to have overlooked in eagerness to condemn the "wild guesses" made (apparently) by all other commentators on Blake. I do not appreciate being included in this category in the present connexion, because I pointed out that in *Milton* Blake seemed to be illustrating more literally than usual the text of his poem, and for most of the comments I gave precise references to the lines he was illustrating, in a number of instances differing from Professor Damon's interpretations made in his pioneering book of 1924. In the case of the final illustration, to which your reviewer is convinced that he alone has the clue, I did, in my *Blake Bibliography* of 1921, describe it as: "in the centre is a sprouting plant in the form of a woman with arms straining upwards; on either side is a human ear of corn." In the Blake Trust volume I modified this, saying that "on either side stands one of two winged Seraphim, looking like human ears of corn. Damon interprets this as 'the Soul in ultimate ecstasy between Seraphim of love'." I must admit that this looks like trying to make it fit, but it was not indeed as I was. I still liked my original view, but made the alteration in deference to Professor Damon, for whose opinion I cherish more respect than your reviewer seems to have—though I had already challenged his interpretation in several other places.

This is, however, a detail in the Blake Trust volume and is receiving more attention than it deserves. These commentaries are always tentative—I do not claim to be one of the major interpreters of Blake, gladly leaving that role to better scholars such as Professor Northrop Frye, Harold Bloom and others. Though grateful, as I have said, to Mr. Grant, I would deprecate his referring to the Ellis and Yeats versions of *Milton* and other books as "facsimiles". They are nothing of the kind (though quite useful as being lithographic renderings of Blake's drawings, often reduced in size and sometimes inaccurate). The only previously attempted facsimile of *Milton* was William Muir's of 1886, a very honest attempt, coloured by hand and remarkably good by the standards of the time. The volumes sponsored by the Blake Trustees stand or fall by their quality as true facsimiles, not by the brief commentary provided as an appendix to the main text.

GEORGE KEYNES.

Lanmas House, Brinkley, Newmarket, Suffolk.

SUB-LITERARY LITERATURE

Sir—Although not in the same detail as Dr. Coups in *The German Illustrated Broadsheet in the 17th Cen-*

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ture

ILLUMINATIONS

ture (August 31) the significance of chap-books and similar popular literature has been noted by at least two Spanish scholars, in so far as it concerns the peninsula. In a paper delivered at a plenary session of the Ninth Congress of the International Federation for Modern Languages and Literature held at New York in 1963, Don Antonio Rodríguez Monfio called attention to the importance of *pliegues sueltos* in indicating what was actually read in Spain. His paper was subsequently published in the *Acts of the Congress (Literary History and Literary Criticism)*, ed. Leon Edel, New York: University Press, 1965, under the title "Construcción crítica y realidad histórica en la poesía española de los siglos XVI y XVII." Professor E. M. Wilson, whose work on the chap-books in Pepys's library dates back to 1955 (*Transactions of the Cambridge Bibliographical Society*), devoted a good deal of attention to the same theme in the Taylorian Lecture, delivered at Oxford in 1966, and published by the Clarendon Press this year under the title *Some Aspects of Spanish Literary History*.

CYRIL A. JONES.

Trinity College, Oxford.

DESIGN AT FRANKFURT

Sir—In his report on Frankfurt '67 (October 26), Mr. Gluck refers to *Cybernetics* as "an essay in typographic orchestration by T. A. N. Clark." He also calls it concrete poetry. The "essay d'orchestration typographique" is in fact by Masin (who now edits Gallimard's series "La Lettre et l'Esprit"), based of course on Jean Tardieu's text which was originally published in *Théâtre de la Chambre I* (1955). Neither Tardieu's text nor Masin's presentation is concrete poetry.

NIMAI CHATTERJEE.

Care of Westminster Bank, 106 Finchley Road, London, N.W.3.

SCOTTISH ENLIGHTENMENT

Sir—In the review of *Edinburgh in the Age of Reason* (October 26) it is stated that "Sydney Smith was not a student of the University of Edinburgh as Brougham was." The University Matriculation Albums (Volume II, 1793) show that in 1798 Smith took Dugald Stewart's Ethics course.

ANAND C. CHITNIS.

University of Edinburgh, Department of History, William Robertson Building, 30 George Square, Edinburgh, 8.

PERSONAL PRONOUNS

Sir—Another early instance of "between you and I" can be found in Thomas Delany's *Jack of Newberk* (1597): "It is an argument too deepe to be discussed between you and I."

DAVID ABERCROMBIE.

Department of Phonetics and Linguistics, Edinburgh University.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review].

Aircraft
COPPIN, J. F. *Aircraft Jet Engines*. 60pp. Macdonald. 8s. 6d.

This little work explains how the gas turbine works and describes the various developments of it in the past quarter of a century together with the benefits they have yielded in economy of operation as well as speed.

Green, W. L. *War Planes of the Reconnaissance Aircraft*. Vols. 7 and 8. *Drayings by Dennis I. Bennett*. 199pp. Macdonald. 15s. each.

These volumes cover the main types of war planes that were mature when the Second World War began. The first volume follows the pattern of earlier volumes dealing with the aircraft of that war. Full details are given of the aircraft and their equipment and of the war service in which they were involved. The work has been done carefully, and Mr. Green's claim that his research has yielded many new facts and corrected some misapprehensions is justified.

A Dictionary of Ancient Greek Civilisation. Compiled by Pierre Maxime Schuhl, Robert Flacelière and Pierre Devambez. Translated by Wadia and Raymond Kugler. 491pp. Methuen. £4 10s.

The scope of this little encyclopedia is gauged by the entries for the letter B—Bacchylides, Band (Sacred), banquet, barbarian, Bassae, bathing, Bathylics, Bellerophon, Boeotia, books, Brasidas, Brauron, bread, bridges, Briseis, bronze, Brygion, burial, Byzantium. The treatment prefers omission to compression and ease of reading to precision. The comment on centaurs that "it was not thought advisable to invite them to banquets" does not

worse than waste space, but a passage like this about vase painting is scarcely misleading: "At first the scenes were painted in black silhouette. . . The technique survived until the end of the Archaic period, but during the so-called Orientalising period of the seventh century vase painters often practised line drawing, only outlining the figures and adding a few touches in red or white for detail. This was the black figure style. . . Unfortunately throughout too much of this insouciance through the art of vase painting, the production is good. This is a book which is more suited to give to somebody else than to keep for one's own use.

Arts and Crafts
ORD-HUME, ARTHUR W. J. *Collecting Musical Boxes and How to Repair Them*. 140pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 2s.

One would hardly expect there to be enough collectors of musical boxes to warrant so handsome a book as this with its forty-four plates and twenty-one fine illustrations, all from the author's own hand, but it appears that there is actually a society of connoisseurs devoted to these by now extinct instruments. Their history, from the Salzburg organ of 1502, through small snuff boxes of 300 years later on to the large disc

SELECTED PAPERBACKS

Titles in bold denote original publications.

Biography and Memoirs.—ULRICH O'CONNOR (Editor): *The Joyce We Knew*. Merrion Press. 6s. ROBERT FAYNE: *The Life and Death of Lenin*. Pan. 15s.

Biology.—K. R. SPORNE: *The Morphology of Gymnosperms*. Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d.

Classical Studies.—H. W. PARKER: *Greek Oracles*. Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d.

Drama.—BAMBER GASCOIGNE: *Twentieth-Century Drama*. Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d. SAMUEL SHLEIN: *The Stage in Action*. Southern Illinois University Press. 22s. The Arden Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*. Edited by J. W. Lever. 8s. 6d. *All's Well that Ends Well*. Edited by G. K. Hunter. 7s. 6d. *King Henry IV*. Edited by A. R. Humphreys. 8s. 6d. *King John*. Edited by A. J. Honigsmann. 7s. 6d. Methuen.

Economics.—BRIAN TEW: *International Monetary Cooperation 1945-67*. Hutchinson University Library. 11s. 6d.

Ethnography.—VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAEHN: *The Ancient Sun Kingdoms of the Americas*. Panther. 15s.

Fiction.—JOHN BALL: *In the Heat of the Night*. Pan. 3s. 6d. CHARLOTTE BUNNET: *June Eyre*. Introduction and notes by Storm Jameson. Pan. 3s. 6d. CHAVCHAVADZE: *Because the Night was Dark*. Pan. 7s. 6d. WILLIAM CLARK: *Number 10*. Pan. 5s. LAURETTE NAOMI PIZER (Editor): *Great Psychological Stories*. More Stories Strange and Sinister. Panther. 3s. 6d. each. PETER DE POLNAY: *The Plaster Bell*. Panther. 3s. 6d. J. B. PRESLEY: *Foreword*. PB by arrangement with Heinemann. 7s. 6d. CHARLES READE: *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Introduction by Malcolm Elwin. Pan. 7s. 6d. COLIN SPENCER: *Anarchism in Love*. Panther. 3s. JEROME WEIDMAN: *Word of Mouth*. Panther 3s.

History.—GEOFFREY BENNETT: *Coronel and the Falklands*. Pan. 6s. M. I. BARNES (Editor): *Politics and Personality 1760-1827*. Selections from *History Today*. Oliver and Boyd. 10s. 6d. CLARKE A. CHAMBERS: *Seething of Reform*. University of Michigan Press: Ann Arbor Paperbacks. 16s. HERBERT FOS: *Between War and Peace*. Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d. JOHN HATCH: *A History of Post-War Africa*. University Paperbacks. 18s. CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT: *Coronilla*. Pan. 6s. ALAN HODGE (Editor): *Varieties of Travel*. Selections from *History Today*. Oliver and Boyd. 10s. 6d. ARTHUR S. LINK: *Wilson: The New Freedom*. Princeton University Press. 28s. 6d. JAMES MCPHERSON: *The Struggle for Equality*. Princeton University Press. 26s. 6d. JULES MICHELET: *Joan of Arc*. Translated, with an introduction by Albert Guedard. University of Michigan Press: Ann Arbor Paperbacks. 16s. 6d. ROGER STANLEY (Editor): *Conflicts in Tudor and Stuart England*. Selections from *History Today*. Oliver and Boyd. 10s. 6d. EDMUND WRIGHT (Editor):

American Profiles. Selections from *History Today*. Oliver and Boyd. 10s. 6d.

Literature and Literary Criticism.—GEORGE J. BECKER (Editor): *Documents of Modern Literary Realism*. Princeton University Press. 26s. 6d. CARL BOSS: *The Half-World of American Culture*. Southern Illinois University Press. 20s. CLARENCE BROWN: *The Prince of Ostrumundstein*. Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d. MILTON HINDUS: *The Promises of Vision*. Southern Illinois University Press. 20s. PATRICK C. POWER: *The Story of Anglo-Irish Poetry 1800-1922*. Merrion Press. 10s. NORMAN RABIN: *Shakespeare and the Common Understanding*. New York: The Free Press. 25s. GEORGE SANTAYANA: *Soliloquies in England*. Introduction by Ralph Ross. University of Michigan Press: Ann Arbor Paperbacks. 15s. JAMES R. STANLEY: *A Short History of Spanish Literature*. New York: Doubleday. Anchor Books. 13s. 6d. THEODORE ZIOLKOWSKI: *The Novels of Hermann Hesse*. Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d.

Poetry.—L. R. LIND (Editor): *Latin Poetry in Verse Translation*. Oxford University Press. 16s.

Philosophy.—SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN and CHARLES I. MOORE (Editors): *A Sourcebook in Indian Philosophy*. Princeton University Press. 26s. 6d. PAUL WEISS: *Main Freedom*. Southern Illinois University Press. 21s. 6d.

Psychology.—RICHARD S. LAZARS AND EDWARD M. OPTON: *Personality*. Penguin. 8s. 6d. A. J. ROPELLE: *Animal Problem Solving*. Penguin. 8s. 6d.

Religion.—JOHN W. LAMB: *The Archdiocese of York: The Early Years*. The Faith Press. 12s. 6d. PAULUS MILNER (Editor): *The Ministry of the Word*. Compass Books. 12s. 6d.

Politics.—RICHARD J. BARNET and RICHARD A. FALK (Editors): *Security in Disarmament*. Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d. SINDY FLOSS: *Conflict and Decision-Making in Soviet Russia*. Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d.

Science.—R. MCN. ALEXANDER: *Functional Design in Fishes*. Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d. G. RATTRAY TAYLOR: *The Science of Life*. Panther. 15s.

as one might say of a landscape, pretty and undulating, rather than dramatic, is undeniable. Mrs. Williams, wife of the Bishop of Leicester, is clearly by nature a happy, as well as, in the least vivid sense of that word, a thoroughly nice woman, and her book reflects it. Her travels have taken her from Florida to Jerusalem since her first schoolgirl visit to Switzerland. It would be untrue to say that she always succeeds in communicating her own ecstatic delight in them, but at least no reader can doubt the validity of the experience for herself.

And many will be likely to envy a traveller for whom setting off, however frequently the process is repeated, has never lost the magic of the evening when, for the first time, she boarded the boat-train at Victoria Station.

Botany

CURTIS, WILFRED M. *The Endemic Flora of Tasmania*. Part I. 71pp. 23 plates. Ariel Press. £15 15s. Tasmania is a land of enchantment to a botanist, even at first sight, from a plane, or looking up at Mount Wellington from Hobart Harbour. Its flora is rich and varied, especially so because many of the plants are endemic (restricted to the island) and also because the flora shows affinity with vegetation in other parts of the southern hemisphere, suggesting the possibility of geologically earlier land bridges. There is therefore a particular reason why the endemics should be recorded, especially as the encroachment of man's habitation inevitably endangers their very existence.

Both the text and the illustrations of Part I of the *Endemic Flora* reveal the spirit in which the work has been undertaken—Dr. Curtis's very wide knowledge and appreciation of the plants and Margaret Stones's exquisite illustrations from water-colour drawings which record forty plants so accurately, with subtlety of colour and a sympathetic brush. Sir George Taylor has written a foreword and the volume is a record of such major importance that one hopes that subsequent parts may not be too long delayed.

KAVALER, LUCY. *Mushrooms, Moulds and Miracles*. 240pp. Harpurr. 30s.

The author has collected together information from very wide sources on an important group of plants which have no green colour and must therefore live either on other organisms or on decaying matter. The importance of fungi in nature is revealed, together with the major part they play in food, drink, medicine, health and disease. They have been responsible for some of the disasters of history, including the potato famine in Ireland in 1845 and the failure of the wheat crop in the United States and Canada as late as 1930. A final chapter gives some

account of recent work on the search for the origin of life.

Government

STANLEY, JEFFREY. *County Government in England and Wales*. 110pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.)

One of a new series entitled "Library of Political Studies" and edited by Professor H. Victor Wiseman of the University of Exeter, Mr. Stanley's monograph takes an original and helpful view of county government. As Mr. Stanley is well aware, there are so many variables in county government, particularly in the relationships between the authorities concerned, that generalizations are to be avoided. But Mr. Stanley asks many pertinent questions and adds to the value of his work by providing a series of tables to apprise the reader: e.g., Table B/5, Parish representation on a rural district council.

History

DYER, A. D. (Editor). *Worcestershire Historical Society Miscellany II*. Vol. 5. 180pp. Mr. M. O. Harrison, Longfields, Tenbury, Worcs. £2 10s.

The many probate inventories lately published by local record societies have related chiefly to the goods and chattels of country people, but those here edited by A. D. Dyer show the contents of tradesmen's homes and shops in the city of Worcester between 1545 and 1614. Cushions and carpets, brass ware and flower cups, reveal a far higher standard of comfort than do most of the rural inventories. One shoemaker owned "an old bible and 2 other books", but in general the entire absence of books is conspicuous. Some observations made by a seventeenth-century justice in his interleaved copy of a legal treatise are transcribed and discussed by R. D. Hunt; while in the remaining paper Brinn Smith has some account of a Worcester family of surveyors and mapmakers, the Doughtharts, in the first half of the eighteenth century.

The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society. Vol. 51, no. 2. Edited by A. W. Brinithwaite and R. S. Mortimer. 140pp. Friends' Historical Society. 10s.

What little is known about the experiences of London Quakers in the Great Fire of 1666 is brought together in a short article by Mr. George Edwards with which the present *Journal* opens. The other papers similarly deal in the main with aspects of Quaker life during their persecution in the early days of the movement. And there is a miscellany of historical and genealogical information in the Notes and Queries section.

Literature and Literary Criticism

SUTHERLAND, RONALD. *The Romanist of the Rose and Le Roman de la Rose*. 240pp. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. £2 12s. 6d. This is the first parallel-text edition of the *Romanist* and the *Roman* to

have appeared since Max Kaluza's edition for the Chaucer Society (1891). Having selected key manuscripts from more than 300 codices, Professor Sutherland has constructed an "artificial" text of the *Romanist* consisting of the most probable source lines for the *Romanist*; by so doing, he demonstrates clearly that the *Romanist* (of which he prefers the Thynne edition of 1532) could not have been the work of one man alone, and he argues in his introduction that Chaucer was, in fact, responsible only for the first quarter of the translation. For some, the value of this edition will lie in Professor Sutherland's confirmation of the theory of multiple authorship; for others, in the opportunity afforded to examine the medieval translator at work. Chaucer's contribution to the *Romanist* is hardly crucial to his development as a poet, and few undergraduates are likely to "yewen bir pens" for this painstaking and scholarly edition; but for Chaucerians and for students of the *Romanist* and the *Roman* alike, its publication is a notable landmark.

Mathematics

DURRELL, P. and DURRELL-JACOTIN. *M. R. Lectures on Modern Algebra*. Translated by A. Geddes. 364pp. Oliver and Boyd. £5 5s.

The famous Oliver and Boyd series "University Mathematical Texts" has recently been supplemented by a new series of more substantial books, the "University Mathematical Monographs", of which the present work is the sixth. It is a translation of the standard French work *Leçons d'algèbre moderne* written by two professors of the University of Paris. The book covers all that could reasonably be required of a mathematical undergraduate in a course of abstract algebra, together with a good deal more besides. It is pleasantly readable though perhaps demanding for inexperienced readers. However, its broad coverage would make it an appealing work for an enthusiastic undergraduate, particularly one who intended later to specialize in algebra.

The translation is good, and the production and physical appearance excellent. It is a pity that, like so many other books of this genre, it is rather beyond the pocket of most students: perhaps its appeal would widen if it eventually made its way into soft covers.

JOHN FRITZ. *Lectures on Advanced Numerical Analysis*. 179pp. Nelson. £3.

As its title indicates, this is not a text for the layman. Indeed, it is hardly a text for any but specialists in this field, for it assumes a fairly wide range of background knowledge. It is based upon a course of lectures given by the author at New York University and covers a broad spectrum of topics in the subject. In spite of its genesis, it is generally pleasantly readable, though at times exacting. It should prove a useful supplement

tary volume on the subject to a professional mathematician.

Philately

MACKAY, JAMES A. *Money in Stamps*. 240pp. Johnson Publications. 35s. On the theme that the true stamp collector does not collect to make money, but likes to feel that he will not lose money, Mr. Mackay (probably Britain's most prolific philatelist writer) presents the facts as they are today but may be proved overbold in some of his prophecies.

There are, however, many who will agree with the author's views on the dangers to the stamp market inherent in the growing practice of placing philatelic distribution in the hands of privately-controlled agencies, many of whom set out to exploit the stamp issues of the countries for whom they act and then pass on to fresh fields leaving a trail of disappointed "investors" behind them. The A to Z chronicle of "sound investments" is a specially useful feature of the book.

Stanley Gibbons *Simplified Whole World Catalogue*. 1968. 1,352pp. Stanley Gibbons. £2.

A long overdue reform begins in this edition in which the stamps listed for fifteen important countries, including Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States, have been re-numbered to correspond with the same stamps (usually, the cheapest of several varieties) in the three-volume detailed catalogue. When the change-over is completed, over the next few years, cross-reference between the "simplified" and the "big" catalogue will be greatly facilitated and the present confusion arising from two catalogue numbers for the same stamp will be eliminated. All new issues in this edition, and there are 5,496 of them a good year's crop—are listed by the new numbering system.

With 1,352 pages, listing and pricing more than 134,400 stamps and illustrating 24,140 of them, the *Simplified* is a remarkable publication for £2.

WILLIAMS, L. N. and M. *Rare Stamps*. 120pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

The Williams brothers have earlier books to their credit on this same subject but this time present it with the aid of coloured enlargements (as well as many black-and-white reproductions) in a form which is attractive to the non-philatelist. The narrow-set text is further restricted by the number of illustrations throughout, but the authors still present a comprehensive, if compressed, account of the world's major stamp rarities in their customary easy manner.

Railways

Steam Locomotives in Industry. By the Industrial Locomotive Society. 127pp. David and Charles. £2 2s.

Condemned to a life of pushing trucks round steel works and chink pits the industrial engines were never much in the public eye. With

that built-in Hornby look they seemed small beer to main-line enthusiasts but they were a strong, versatile breed with jolly names like Cecil, Bee, and Sir Berkeley, and as well built by famous firms like Hudson, Clark, and Manning Wardle; Kilmartin and Vulcan Foundry that they often lasted sixty years and some here mentioned were still in steam at over ninety. This is an excellent survey, well documented and lavishly illustrated, such as these sturdy little work horses of industry well merit.

Reference

MANNION, J. E. (Editor). *Harvard New Shorter French and English Dictionary*. Harpurr. £2 10s.

No French and English dictionary for English speakers is perfect, but Harpurr's is probably the best there is. This new revised edition of the Shorter Harpurr has incorporated the previously separate French-Canadian section, and contains a large number of modern words and expressions. It does not, however, give the English for *le pull* (though we are given it as the translation is "pullover" in the English-French section), and under "hard" it does not specify the French for the adjective when it qualifies *drug*.

REPRINTS AND EDITIONS

The following have recently appeared in new editions: *The Theory of Universals* by Richard I. Aaron (241pp. Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press. £2 3s. which was first published in 192; *The Haskins Experiment* by David Wills (193pp. Allen and Unwin. 24s.); which was first published in 1941; *The European Nobility in the Eighteenth Century*, edited by A. Goodwin (204pp. A. and C. Black. 28s.), which first appeared in 1951; *A Short History of British Expansion* by James A. Williamson (391pp. Macmillan. 30s.), this edition which came out in 1922 has been revised by Donald Southgate; *Machinery and Justice* by R. M. Jackson (40pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 10s.) which first appeared in 1940; *Wonder that was India* by A. L. Basham (572pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3 3s.), which was first published in 1954; *Cases in Constitutional Law* by D. L. Keir and F. H. Lawson (559pp. Oxford University Press. £2 15s.), which was first published in 1928; *Administrative Law* by H. W. R. Wade (338pp. Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press. £2 10s.) which first appeared in 1961; *Open Fields* by C. S. and C. S. O'Neil (196pp. Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press. £2 15s.), which first came out in 1938; *The Book of English Law* by Edward Jenks, edited by Paul B. Fairrest (376pp. Ohio University Press. \$7), which was first published in 1928; *The Grifter's Handbook* by R. J. Garner (263pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.), which first came out in 1947.

APPOINTMENTS: Librarians — Public and University

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the following posts:—

REFERENCE LIBRARIANS
Huyton Morecambe Ormskirk
Worsley

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS
Headquarters

LIBRARIAN HEADQUARTERS MOBILE AND BRANCHES
Headquarters

ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
Headquarters

DIVISIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIANS
Penwortham
Prestwich

Salary: Librarians' Scale £820—£1,435 (starting points commensurate with qualifications and experience).
Qualifications: Chartered Librarian (applications will be considered from candidates who are due to take the Final Examination).

ASSISTANT DIVISIONAL LIBRARIANS
Fulwood Lees

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

Droydsden Gt. Harwood
Headquarters Horwich Huyton
Litherland Morecambe Penwortham
Prestwich Ramsbottom Thornton
Ulverston Urmston Worsley

Salary: Librarians' Scale £820—£1,220 (starting points commensurate with qualifications and experience).
Qualifications: Part I Examination.
Applications superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness. Applications (with copies of two testimonials) indicating posts for which candidates wish to be considered to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, PRI. 8RH, by 30th November.

LIBRARIANS part-time

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for interesting PART-TIME posts in secondary schools in most areas of Inner London. Times of work can usually be adjusted to leave school holidays free.

There is also a limited number of FULL-TIME posts available.

Full-time starting rate according to qualifications and experience, but not less than £1,261 rising annually to £1,620. (Pro-rata for part-time.)

Application forms and further details from the Education Officer (Estab. 2A), Inner London Education Authority, County Hall, S.E.1 by 22nd November.

SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

to supervise the Departmental Science Libraries. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians; but consideration will be given to those who have recently completed their professional examinations, or are partly qualified. Salary on scale £820—£1,435: Chartered Librarians £1,220—£1,435. Further particulars may be obtained from the Deputy Secretary, The University, Southampton, SO9 5NH, to whom applications, giving the names of two professional referees and a brief curriculum vitae should be sent not later than 22nd November, 1967.

Classified Advertisements

The Times Literary Supplement publishes classified advertisements under the following classifications:—

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| Appointments
Librarians
Public & University
Educational
Other Appointments Vacant
Appointments Wanted | Other Categories
Books and Prints
Literary
Typing Services
Personal
For Sale and Wanted
Galleries & Exhibitions
Theatres | Lectures & Meetings
Educational Courses
Stamp Collecting
Objects d'Art
Coin and Medal Collecting
Christmas Cards |
|---|--|--|

Rates: 3/- a line (minimum 10/-), box numbers 2s. Display 24 per column inch.

UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY THE CULHAM LABORATORY for Plasma Physics and Nuclear Fusion Research ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

We are looking for an Assistant Librarian in the Library and Information Service of the Culham Laboratory. The successful candidate will undertake responsibility for the day-to-day operation of the lending and reference services and for the accessioning, cataloguing and classification of materials added to the library.

The Library Information Service already makes considerable use of a KDP computer and there will be an opportunity to assist in the further development of computer techniques for library operations.

Qualifications and Experience:
Applicants should preferably be Associates of the Library Association with some scientific or technical background. Experience in technical library or information service and in U.D.C. would be particularly useful. The minimum qualifications, however, are five G.C.E. passes including English Language at 'O' level and two scientific or mathematical subjects at 'A' level.

Salary:
The appointment may be made either in the grade of Experimental Officer or in that of Assistant Experimental Officer, and the starting salary will be related to age and experience within the scales:

Experimental Officer: £1,465 to £1,860 per annum.
Assistant Experimental Officer: £800 (to age 21) to £1,335 per annum.

Housing:
Married men recruited from outside daily travelling distance will be eligible for housing or assistance with house purchase under Authority arrangements.

Superannuation:
There is a contributory superannuation scheme.

Applications:
Please send a postcard to the Senior Personnel Officer, The Culham Laboratory, Abingdon, Berks (reference A28/236) for an application form and further details.

College of Librarianship, Wales Principal: F. N. HOGG, D.F.A., F.L.A.

Department of Information Retrieval Studies
LECTURER or SENIOR LECTURER in
CLASSIFICATION/CATALOGUING

Established in October 1964 as the only independent college in the United Kingdom to specialize in research and teaching of Library Science, C.L.W. is uniquely placed to offer a challenging and stimulating environment for librarians anxious to contribute to the library profession of the future. Continued growth has created a demand for an additional member of staff to teach and specialize in classification/cataloguing.

Academic terms are those of the University College of Wales. A new library, social and hostel blocks are scheduled for construction next year. The College is partly residential.

Appropriately qualified librarians (a degree would be an additional advantage) are invited to apply for the post which will be graded according to experience.
Salaries: Senior Lecturer £2,140-£3,960. Lecturer £1,875-£3,140. (Salary structure now under review.)
Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present post, special interests, teaching experience and the names of three referees should be sent to the Principal, College of Librarianship Wales, Llanbadarn Fawr, Aberystwyth, Ceredigion (SI6 2NL) by 15th November 1967, as soon as possible. Further details are available on application.

Scottish Marine Biological Association has an immediate opening for the POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT

to undertake duties in special library and later to take over its routine running under supervision. Required qualifications are S.C.E., G.C.E. or equivalent at 'O' Level in 5 subjects including English, and the ability to type. Some knowledge of languages would also be valuable, and of biology useful. Grading is as Clerical Officer (Scientific Civil Service) on salary scale £450 at age 18 rising to maximum of £1,002. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from The Director, Marine Station, MILLPORT, Isle of Cumbrae, Scotland.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM WEST HAM COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Librarian at this developing College.

Salary scale: £350 to £1,435 per annum (with a qualification bar at £1,220 per annum plus London weighting allowance) commencing point according to approved qualifications.

Application forms obtainable from the Principal, West Ham College of Further Education, North Street, Plaistow, E15, returnable by 17th November, 1967.

LIBRARIAN Grade IV

SCOTTISH OFFICE LIBRARY,
St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh

Applications are invited for a post of Librarian Grade IV in the Scottish Office Library which serves the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland, the Scottish Education Department, the Scottish Development Department, and the Scottish Home and Health Department. Candidates should hold an approved Post-Graduate University Diploma in Librarianship, or have passed the Registration Examination, or the 1964 or subsequent Part II Final Examination of the Library Association. Students who have sat the summer examinations may apply.

The successful applicant will be appointed initially on a temporary basis but there may be an opportunity to compete for permanent pensionable employment.

Duties include cataloguing and classification, preparation of bibliographies, enquiry work and assistance to readers.

Salary £803 (age 22) to £970 (age 25 and over); possibly higher at 26 or over. Scale maximum £1,457. Pensionable prospects. Five day week. Annual leave—three weeks and three days plus public holidays.

Application forms may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland, Room 172, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, 1.

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver, Canada
Department of History

Applications are invited for new appointments to be made in the academic year 1968-9 in the following fields of History: Modern Britain (social and economic); Medieval Europe; European Diplomatic and Intellectual; 17th or 18th Century France; American Diplomatic and Colonial; Canadian. Appointments will be made at the rank of Assistant and Associate Professor depending on qualifications. Salary for Assistant Professor is \$9,200 and up; and for Associate Professor, \$11,300 and up. The University provides removal assistance, good pension, medical insurance plans, and other staff benefits.

Applications, including curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, should be sent to Dr. Margaret A. Ormsby, Head, Department of History, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, Canada.

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

Closing date 29th November, 1967

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS APPOINTMENTS: Librarians — Public and University

<